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JULY 21, 1975 75 CENTS

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Filter and Menthol, 4 mg. "tar", 0.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report April '75.

SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSCHENBAUM

TALE OF TWO CITIES

Both are state capitals, both have populations hovering around 1,500,000 and both enjoy reputations for being dynamic. Until recently, however, Atlanta had it all over Denver as a pro sports town. Hailed in the mid-'60s as the "Camelot of the South," Atlanta landed big-league teams in baseball, football, basketball and hockey. Denver was meanwhile settling for franchises in football and basketball, the latter in the supposedly inferior ABA.

But the fortunes of the two cities have changed. This was underscored by last week's news that North Carolina State's David Thompson, the nation's No. 1 college basketball player, has decided to spurn the Atlanta Hawks and sign with the Denver Nuggets. Having earlier outbid Atlanta for Marvin Webster, the Nuggets will show off their prize catches next season in the new 18,000-seat McNichols Arena, which will also house Denver's newly acquired WHA franchise. And demand for Denver Broncos season tickets is so heavy that the seating capacity of Mile High Stadium will be expanded from 51,000 to 76,000 for the 1976 season. Only in baseball does Denver remain minor-league.

By contrast, the situation in Atlanta is getting bleaker and bleaker. In a two-part series on the city's deteriorating professional sports scene, *The Atlanta Constitution* has complained that the Camelot of the South has become "Loserville." The Aaronsless Atlanta Braves, floundering some 20 games out of first place, are averaging just 8,484 fans a game, a circumstance that prompted announcer Milo Hamilton to wonder on the air, "Is this a major league city?" The Atlanta Falcons hold the NFL record for no-shows—48,830 for one game—and last year's 3-11 record has caused season-ticket sales to slump. Although the NHL Atlanta Flames continue to draw well, they finished in the division cellar last season.

The Hawks' failure to land Thompson

and Webster was a shocker. The NBA team had traded away local favorite Pete Maravich for, among other things, the draft choice it subsequently squandered on Thompson. Last season's 31-51 record was the worst since the Hawks arrived from St. Louis in 1969, and attendance in the 16,181-seat Omni averaged 5,608. For trying to sign Julius Erving three years ago—his NBA rights belong to the Milwaukee Bucks—the Hawks were recently slapped with a \$400,000 fine by Commissioner Larry O'Brien. After the loss of Thompson, Atlanta businessman Simon Selig Jr., who had earlier announced his intentions of buying the financially troubled team, all but called off the deal.

PROGRESS REPORT

Further evidence that Pelé's crusade to popularize soccer in the U.S. (page 49) is bearing fruit came during the Brazilian's recent visit to the White House. When President Ford and his guest got around to autographing soccer balls, there was a plentiful supply on hand. Everybody even seemed to know what they were. By comparison, when Pelé paid a similar call on Richard Nixon in 1973, some last-minute scrambling was necessary to come up with one solitary soccer ball. It seems that organizers of the visit had mistakenly ordered two dozen volleyballs for the occasion.

SAVING GRACE

Lest anybody get the idea that the recession has been utterly without benefit, consider the Dakota Dome, a sports complex that the University of South Dakota plans to start building in September. When the project, featuring a domed stadium that will seat 11,000 for football and 19,000 for basketball, was approved last year, the cost was put at \$8.8 million, of which \$5.2 million was allocated by the state legislature. The remaining funds were to be raised privately, which proved difficult when hard times hit.

Taking another look, architects recent-

ly decided that the Dakota Dome could actually be built for \$7.2 million. Some of the hoped-for savings come from changing to "optional" such features as an intercom system and a swimming pool, but the lower figure also reflects a severe slump in the local construction industry. Ted Muenster, director of university relations, allows that the Dakota Dome will now be "a Pontiac instead of a Cadillac." When you think of the Rolls-Royce going up in New Orleans, it is nice to find one stadium that has a ceiling as well as a dome.

WILD CARDS

Informers are held in low repute in some quarters, but the Iraak Walton League of Oregon would like to see the breed prosper and multiply. Alarmed by vio-



lations of fish-and-game laws as well as widespread vandalism in public parks, the conservation organization is circulating wallet cards on which citizens are urged to jot down information about any offenses they might witness and then forward the cards to the authorities. Prepared in consultation with the Oregon Fish and Wildlife Commission and the state police, the cards contain space for description of such things as eye color, complexion, scars, mustaches, trousers (but not skirts) and that old reliable, "peculiarities."

The cards are being distributed mainly to hunters and fishermen, who are

continued

asked to appear in court and testify if needed, but are also told, "Even if you don't sign the card, mail it in. It may be helpful." The campaign has been under way for only a month, too early for gauging the impact, but Captain Walter Hershey, head of the Oregon State Police Fish and Game Division, reports that similar wallet cards issued by the National Raffle Association have led to "several convictions in deer and elk cases." Defending the practice, Hershey says, "The citizen has a certain duty to uphold the law."

Acknowledging that there is a stigma attached to informers—or to snitchers, soot pigeons and tattletales, if you prefer—Joseph W. Bennett, an Izaak Walton League spokesman, allows that the true target of the wallet card is the bearer himself. "Just carrying it will make a person more aware of conservation," he says. "It amounts to a pledge to protect the wilderness."

OVER-ANALYSIS

The World Swimming Championships get under way this weekend in Cali, Colombia, and one can only hope that the American team manages to avoid being tripped up in the laboratory. Apprehension is prompted by the U.S. trials in Long Beach, Calif., where an attempt to conduct the sort of doping tests to be held in Cali ended in acrimony and disarray.

The snafu at the Long Beach meet could be blamed partly on the Fédération Internationale de Natation (FINA), which prohibits some two dozen generic drugs plus what it ambiguously refers to as "related substances." Left to puzzle over just what these substances might be, doctors and coaches at the U.S. trials also found that urine specimens were taking as much as 72 hours to analyze. The testing procedure was flawed in other ways, all of which made it awkward when the specimens of two swimmers qualifying for the team turned out to contain "epedrine-like" substances of the kind that resulted in Rick DeMont's being stripped of a gold medal in the 1972 Olympics. Officials finally decided to scrap the tests, sparing the two swimmers in question from disqualification while greatly vexing the athletes who would have replaced them.

Dr. Robert E. Cassidy, the U.S. team physician, questions whether dope testing is worth all the grief. "To catch the occasional culprit, we're risking disquali-

cation of athletes who may need medication to function normally," he says. Cassidy promises to press for rulings in Cali on the acceptability of a number of drugs, among them Lomotil. The doctor's concern over whether the swimmers competing in Colombia can be given Lomotil is understandable. It is used to combat *Taraxia*.

THE GOING RATE

After joining the International Track Association pro circuit a couple of years ago, Lee Evans confessed to having run for pay all along and told, specifically, of pocketing a total of \$3,000 for competing in four meets during the 1970 European summer season. Evans, a 1968 Olympic gold medalist and still world-record holder in the 400-meter dash, recalled, "That was a great summer. I was making good money."

Today's amateurs appear, at first glance, to be doing even better. According to a former Olympian who remains a close observer of the track scene, performers of any reputation at all are routinely picking up \$800 per meet in Europe this summer. Olympic or European champions, the category that Evans belonged to in 1970, are getting \$1,200, while as much as \$2,000 awaits "special cases," such as a double Olympic gold medalist or an athlete performing right after setting a world record.

But here as elsewhere, inflation is taking its toll. "You are only going to make enough to keep you through the winter," complains one prominent track man. He also notes that the business is fraught with uncertainty. "After a meet in Italy," he said, "the promoter turned up at 3 a.m., just when I was beginning to wonder whether he skipped with the loot. He was carrying this soaking-great suitcase full of these dirty gray notes. They were lire. I changed them fast, man—into something more stable."

BLOCK THAT INNOVATION

As though the designated hitter and the three-point basket didn't shake up the traditionalists enough, here comes the World Football League with (are you ready?) the one-point field goal. As an experiment during its current exhibition season, the league has decreed that field goals kicked from inside the 10-yard line count one point while those kicked from 10 to 30 yards away are worth two. Only three-pointers from beyond the

30-yard line are, well, three-pointers.

By devaluing easy close-in field goals, the WFL hopes to encourage teams to open up their offenses and go for touchdowns. And, indeed, no one-point field goals were even attempted in the league's first four exhibition games—just two- and three-pointers. The only trouble is that the scheme might, in some cases, actually discourage forward progress. For example, with the ball on the opponent's 30-yard line, a team would normally be facing a field-goal attempt from the 27, but this would be good for only two points under the WFL rule. So why not let yourself be thrown for a four-yard loss and go for three?

The WFL's otherwise disastrous first season yielded some worthwhile innovations, notably replacing the extra-point kick with a pass or run "action point." However, it is easy to imagine the latest scheme leading, ultimately, to something like this: a one-yard touchdown plunge counting four points, a 70-yard scoring pass worth 11, a 100-yard kickoff return good for 15. It is even easier to imagine the WFL's experiment quietly dying with the last exhibition game.

COMPARISON SHOPPER

Calvin Murphy, at 5'9" the smallest player in the NBA, recently returned from a visit to Japan, where he spent a lot of time shopping for clothes. "Most of their clothes didn't fit me," the Houston Rocket star relates. "Their large size is a small in the States. I couldn't buy many things." But the trip enhanced Murphy's ego, if not his wardrobe. "I felt good over there," he confesses. "I felt very large."

THEY SAID IT

- Earl Weaver, Baltimore Orioles' manager, asked whether an early-season beanball incident might cause bad blood between his club and the Yankees. "I think there should be bad blood between all clubs."
- Joe Garagiola, sportscaster, "I know a baseball star who wouldn't report the theft of his wife's credit cards because the thief spends less than she does."
- John Reeves, the Philadelphia Eagles' seldom-used quarterback, after being traded to the Cincinnati Bengals for two players: "It looks like I finally helped the team."
- Miller Barber: "I don't say my golf game is bad, but if I grew tomatoes, they'd come up sliced." **END**

White rum. It does something for tonic that gin or vodka can't.

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Taste. Then, you tell us.

On the next hot summer evening, experience for yourself the magic that happens when white rum meets tonic. Then *you* try to explain it.

PUERTO RICAN RUMS



Sports Illustrated

JULY 25, 1978

KINGS OF THE HILL



AGAIN

Beset by injuries in 1974, Met Tom Seaver and Oriole Jim Palmer had their poorest seasons. Now rearmed with good health and improved pitches, they have returned to lead their leagues **by RON FIMRITE**

NO one is more keenly aware of athletic mortality than a baseball pitcher. His arm is his livelihood, and that ordinarily durable member is so cruelly abused in the course of his working day that, in time, it becomes as fragile as a butterfly's wing. Of necessity, a pitcher regards his arm not so much as a part of his body as an exotic pet to be coddled, pampered and, above all, protected. For if the arm goes, so will the pitcher.

The pitching arm is imperiled by any bodily malfunction. A sore toe can bring about a minute adjustment in the pitching motion that can damage the arm and wreck a career. The motion itself is so delicately structured that the slightest alteration, the tiniest departure from ritual, can hasten disaster. The delivery is even vulnerable to sabotage from the psyche. The right arm of former Pirate Pitcher Steve Blass survived 10 years in the big leagues, but because of some undiagnosed malady of the subconscious, his motion did not. And his once luminous career was ended.

Every time a pitcher ascends the mound he stands before the abyss. Fortunately, most pitchers are able to set aside this disturbing fact. For others, the reality is always there. They have looked into the abyss and narrowly escaped the terminal plunge. They are wiser for the experience.

Two such pitchers are Jim Palmer of the Baltimore Orioles and Tom Seaver of the New York Mets. Both suffered injuries a year ago that resulted in their worst seasons and threatened their careers. They have recovered and are en route to their best seasons. Considering their past performances, that is no small matter.

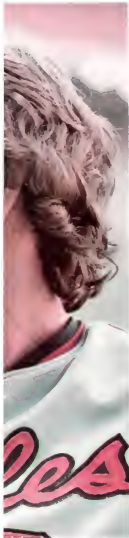
Palmer won 20 or more games every year from 1970 through 1973. He has a career record of 142-75 and an earned run average of 2.68. He was named the American League's Cy Young Award winner in 1973. Seaver, who has had three 20-victory seasons, is a two-time National League Cy Young winner. In three years he has led the league in both strikeouts and ERA. He is the first National League pitcher to strike out 200 or more batters seven years in succession, and he shares the major league single-game strikeout record of 19. He has a career record of 159-92 and an ERA of 2.41.

Both Seaver and Palmer have been World Series heroes. Both are handsome, intelligent and articulate men who are team leaders and spokesmen. They share a scholar's curiosity about their game and probably are the two best all-round pitchers in baseball today. Certainly many of the men who bat against them think so. "Seaver's the best pitcher around," says the Cards' hard-hitting Ted Simmons. "Palmer's top in the American League in my book," says Lee Stanton, even though one of his Angel teammates is the reigning fastballer, Nolan Ryan. But last year Seaver had an 11-11 record and Palmer was 7-12. They were at the abyss.

Seaver recalled those grim times while polishing off a steak in an Atlanta restaurant last week. He looked pained. "I had had a tender shoulder in 1973," he said, "so I went to spring training last year with the idea that I was not going to hurt my arm. I didn't push myself throwing. I felt it would all be there when I needed it. When the season opened, I tried to throw hard and nothing happened. Then I tried to compensate by overstriding. The constant pounding, the strain, put my pelvic structure out of bal-

Seaver has a new change; Palmer has better control—except when selling pancakes.

continued



ance. The muscles in my back were pulling down. There was pain in my hip." He pressed a fork down on the table for emphasis. "My mechanics were all wrong. I couldn't get far enough out of my problem to look at it. I was scared. Throwing off balance like that, I could have easily hurt my arm."

He consulted Dr. Kenneth Riland, an osteopath who includes among his patients Vice-President Rockefeller. "I didn't believe that something like that could be cured overnight," Seaver continued. "But Dr. Riland just said, 'Your pelvic structure is out of balance,' and he began yanking here and pulling there. Suddenly the pain was gone. My last game of the season I struck out 14."

Palmer sat by a motel pool in Oakland, basking in the sun and in his own rediscovered glory. He is no stranger to adversity, having missed almost all of the '67 and '68 seasons with back and shoulder injuries. Last year he was on the disabled list from June 20 to Aug. 13. He had lost seven consecutive games when he went on the list. He had never before dropped more than three straight.

"I hurt the ulnar nerve, which runs through the elbow," he said, tracing the course of the injury on his tanned right forearm. "The pain went from my elbow to my hand. I thought it was just tendinitis at first, but my wrist was so tender I couldn't even touch it. After I was put on the list, I went to Los Angeles to see Dr. Robert Kerlan. He prescribed six weeks of rest, hot and cold water treatment and medication to reduce the inflammation. I could have had an operation to move the nerve over, but after three weeks the pain eased. We were playing so poorly, I felt I'd better make a comeback. I pitched well in my last 16 games, but I was still not certain of my arm. I had a tingling there. It's hard to live with the feeling your talents are diminishing. Your arm is what you are."

Seaver and Palmer worked hard over the winter to strengthen their ailing bodies. Palmer, who was lean to begin with, even lost eight pounds. Still, they approached spring training with uncertainty. "I kept waiting for my hip to hurt," says Seaver. It did not. And neither did Palmer's arm, although in recent weeks he has been plagued with a recurrence of tendinitis, an inconvenience he says he can live with as "a small

price to pay for a major league career."

At this week's All-Star break, Palmer and Seaver were leading or approaching the lead in most pitching categories. Palmer, 13-6, had pitched six shutouts, three of them 1-0 games, and had the best ERA among American League starters and was tied for the best winning percentage. Seaver had won eight of his last nine decisions to run his record to 13-5, and his 1.94 ERA led the National League. In the opinion of many hitters, both were throwing better than ever. Palmer, 29, and Seaver, 30, came to the majors as fastball pitchers. Both still use that pitch most frequently, but they have added refinements.

Palmer's graceful, sweeping motion is considered the best in baseball. As he pitches, he appears to be expending about as much effort as a man reaching for a light switch, but this, of course, is a deception. "When you see an easy thrower like him, you get lulled into believing that ball is coming up there easy," says the Angels' Dave Chalk. "It's not. It's coming up there hard and doing all kinds of things. It's amazing how quick the ball gets to you."

There is nothing deceptive about Seaver's delivery. He explodes on the mound, driving hard toward the hitter with his powerful legs and stocky body like a fullback bursting through a hole in the line. "I can't think of any pitcher with his type of delivery," says Cub Manager Jim Marshall. "His uniqueness is

in his rhythm. When he drives toward the plate, he's got it all together—timing and rhythm."

While Palmer's fluid windup lulls hitters into believing he is throwing softer than he is, Seaver's explosive delivery frightens them into thinking he is throwing harder than he sometimes does. "He'll throw you a 75% fastball," says Von Joshua of the Giants. "Then when he gets along in the count, he'll throw you a 90% fastball, and when he gets two strikes on you, he'll throw that 100-percenter you aren't looking for. You figure you've seen his best fastball already, but you haven't."

Putting a little more into their pitches when they get ahead of hitters—or teams—is a trait Palmer and Seaver share. Both seem to be at their best late in games when they have narrow leads. "If you don't get to him early, nine times out of 10 you won't get him," says Tiger Gates Brown of Palmer. "The longer he goes, the tougher he gets. If you ain't got him by the seventh inning, you're beat."

No wonder that when he was asked which pitcher he would prefer to bat against, Cincinnati's Merv Rettenmund, Palmer's former teammate in Baltimore and now one of Seaver's opponents, said, "That is like asking if I'd rather be hung or go to the electric chair."

As if they already were not sufficiently equipped, both Seaver and Palmer approached this season with new material. Seaver had put a changeup in his repertoire, and Palmer had added pinpoint control.

Since his undergraduate days at Southern Cal Seaver had struggled unsuccessfully to perfect a changeup, a pitch thrown with the same motion as the fastball but at considerably reduced speed. He had been advised by some experts that his violent delivery militated against the change. But Seaver continued to try, experimenting with grips as complex as fraternity handshakes. Then while playing catch this spring with teammate Jon Matlack, he chanced upon the solution.

"It came about purely by accident," Seaver says. "I said to Matlack, 'Watch this pitch,' and I gripped the ball in a way you'd never advise a kid to hold it. I formed a circle with my index finger and thumb and put the other three fingers on the ball. The index finger is

TYPICAL GAMES

	PALMER	SEAVER
Pitches thrown	113	119
Strikes	74	75
Balls	39	44
Fastballs	75	75
Curves	15	27
Sliders	12	9
Changeups	10	8
Hits allowed	7	6
Earned runs	2.25	1.94
Walks	2	2
Strikeouts	5	7

(The figures were derived by taking the 1973 totals in each category, dividing them by the number of innings pitched and multiplying by nine. All figures except earned runs have been rounded off to the nearest whole number.)

THE COMEBACKS

Palmer's and Seaver's records for 1974 compared to what they have done so far in 1975.

	Games	Complete Games	Innings Pitched	Wins	Losses	Pct.	Hits	Runs	Strike-outs	Walks	Shut-outs	Home Runs	ERA
PALMER—1974	26	5	179	7	12	.368	176	78	84	69	2	12	3.27
PALMER—1975	21	13	175½	13	6	.684	138	52	105	45	6	8	2.36
SEEVER—1974	32	12	236	11	11	.500	159	89	201	75	5	19	3.20
SEEVER—1975	20	11	162½	13	5	.722	120	41	137	46	2	6	1.94

dominant in most of my pitches, but in this one it is off the ball. As hard as I tried, I couldn't throw the ball hard. I had my changeup."

In a magnificently pitched 10-inning 2-1 win over the Braves last week, Seaver actually struck out more hitters (3) with his change than with his fastball (2). He also struck out two with his slider and two more with his curve, another pitch he is throwing more effectively this year, although he does not always get it over the plate. Against the Braves, he threw 55 of 80 fastballs for strikes, but only half of his 34 curves. The increased use of the slower pitches has made Seaver's fastball even more devastating.

Improved control has made all of Palmer's pitches more effective. In his last full season, 1973, he walked 113 batters and struck out 158, a high ratio of walks to strikeouts for a 22-game winner. In 175½ innings this year, he has walked 45 and struck out 105.

"When I first came up, all I did was worry about throwing the ball over the plate," he says. "I'd get behind the hitters, then have to come down the middle, and balls down the middle are the hardest hit. Location is the key. It's silly to throw pitches out of the strike zone. The important thing is to stay ahead of the hitters. You must use the corners. You can get by with bad stuff if you're making good pitches. I can't throw as hard as I used to—oh, some days I can—so I've asked: if I threw all that good before, how did I get hit? The answer is I never thought about the corners. Now, I'm putting the ball where I want."

He did not put every ball where he wanted to last week in a 7-1 loss to the World Champion A's, but the defeat was largely not his fault. Palmer's normally proficient teammates played a nominally

on defense while fighting a losing battle with a bright sun. Shortstop Mark Belanger and Second Baseman Bobby Grich, both Gold Glove winners, lost pop-ups in the sun that fell for damaging hits, and Leftfielder Don Baylor dropped a fly that was ruled a double. Belanger and even Brooks Robinson made egregious errors on ground balls.

Palmer scorned only mildly discomfited by these catastrophes. "You can't expect it to go good all year," he said, soaking his precious arm in ice. "I didn't throw badly, and the arm felt better today. They hit three balls hard and I gave up seven runs [five earned]. When you're going good, things fall your way. When you're going bad..."

Palmer was more concerned about his arm than about one inexpertly played game. He was to return to Baltimore for cortisone injections to relieve the stiffness. Still, he was heartened by the relative absence of pain.

Palmer and Seaver take safety precautions with their arms that can be regarded by the layman only as idiosyncratic. They look upon air-conditioning units with alarm, and they never hang their right arms out the windows of moving vehicles, fearing ill winds even on warm days. They never go to bed without pajama tops, and they always sleep on their left sides. Palmer trained himself in his nocturnal discipline by lying at the extreme edge of the bed and piling pillows against his back to impede him from rolling over onto his right side. Seaver stays off his feet on days he is pitching. An ardent reader of newspapers and fiction, this is a routine he finds more agreeable than constricting. (Seaver finally received his degree in journalism from USC last year, after pursuing his studies on a part-time basis throughout his playing career.

He gained credit in a geology course, taught appropriately by a Professor Stone, by writing a paper on the soil consistency of National League infields.)

Palmer devours a stack of pancakes on days when he pitches, a diet that dates from 1966. Stuffed with flapjacks, he won 15 games that season as a 20-year-old. Although many experts now consider high-carbohydrate dishes such as pancakes and spaghetti ideal for pregame meals, Palmer does not continue eating them for any nutritional reasons. He simply is reluctant to brave fate by abandoning a superstition.

If swallowing goldfish or shinnying up flagpoles would ensure longer careers, Palmer and Seaver would happily embrace the practice. After their ordeals of a year ago, they are chillingly aware of the evanescence of the good life in the big leagues.

"It would be very shortsighted to think all this is never going to end, but I would like a long career," says Seaver. "As a pitcher, I feel I'm creating something. Pitching itself is not enjoyable while you're doing it. Pitching is work. I don't enjoy it until I can stand back and look at what I've created. That is something."

Palmer looked almost wistful as he discussed the uncertain future. "I enjoy this game so much I'd like to go on forever," he said. "It's going to end, but I'm going to do everything I can to prolong it. Baseball is the only thing I really know how to do. Look, you're a man playing a child's game, and you're paid a great deal of money for doing it. That's an unreal position to be in."

He paused and rubbed his pitching arm very gently. "The injuries do put things into proper perspective. I guess it's God's way of reminding you that nothing lasts forever."

END

THE BEAST BROUGHT OUT HIS BEST

Tom Watson was known for blowing up under pressure. At Carnoustie he didn't, beating Australia's Newt the Beast in a playoff by DAN JENKINS

Another authentic American hero was born last week out of the gloom and crusty old atmosphere of golf on the linklands of Braemar. In a playoff for the British Open that was so thrilling even the most hardened of souls felt like dancing around the burns and bunkers, young Tom Watson finally became a champion, a new person and one hellacious player. After a lot of slightly baroque things had happened on the becalmed, de-roughed and tranquilized beast of Carnoustie, it all came down to a Sunday match between the 25-year-old Watson, who admits he possibly thinks too much, and an equally young Australian, Jack Newton, who admits he drinks too much. And Watson, as they might say of him across the sea, was cast-iron tough in his cheeky little cap—and just when he had to be.

It was pretty much agreed before the 18-hole playoff began that Watson was

the better golfer of the two and certainly would have had fewer schooners of beer the night before. But could he hold together as he had on Saturday in gaining the tie? Holding together was not something Watson had done so well in the past. As for Newton, who is almost as good-looking as his wife, it would be a typical evening. What are you going to do, Jack? "Get drunk again," he said, smiling, chain-smoking, hoisting a mug.

Now off they went under a darkening Scottish sky that would produce more than a drizzle. "My game plan," Watson said, "is to play conservatively for 12 or 13 holes and see if he makes his mistakes. If it's still close, I'll have to get aggressive."

Newton's scrambling and his putting and, for that matter, his tough nature kept it close. Through nine holes they were both even par. Newton birdied the 12th but bogeyed the 13th, and they were still even at the 14th, a short par-5. This hole produced two sensational shots.

First, Newton hit a pitch in the rain that ran up to within a foot of the cup. The pressure was now on Watson, and he responded by pitching dead into the hole for an eagle 3. Newton, who had said, "I'll be using match-play tactics," could only shake his head and light another cigarette.

Watson lost his one-shot lead when he missed the 16th green and bogeyed. And then at the 17th he had to stare at the five-foot putt for a par when Newton was already safely in. But Tom rammed it home as if it were a gimme. That would have been the perfect spot for Watson to do what he had

so often done in the past—to miss, and start blowing another one.

Watson, who has always been a solid swinger with tremendous promise, had been waiting all day for Newton—who can come off the ball and hit it almost anywhere—to show signs of falling apart. But it did not happen until the last hole. They were both in the fairway with irons left to the green. Newton hit first and caught it thin, pulling the shot into the left-hand bunker. Watson calmly put his ball right on the green, bringing the club head through, as he does, with so much speed you would hope never to find your ankle in the way of it. Newton's bunker shot was O.K. but not what he needed; he was left with a 10-footer. When Watson putted beautifully up for a tap-in, for a 71, Newton did not have one more putt left in him. He had holed too many to get where he was. This one he missed.

It was not easy to digest the atrocities that were committed on Carnoustie through the first three rounds of this championship. This course had always been considered the toughest of all the British links. Only four previous Opens had been held there and quite a golfer had won each of them: Tommy Armour, Henry Cotton, Ben Hogan and Gary Player. And through all of that, only five rounds had been shot below 70. Of these, Hogan's closing 68 in 1953 had been regarded as one of the game's monumental rounds, for in the cold and winds of that afternoon Carnoustie was said to have played to a par of about 76.

But now came a flood of scores that made Hogan's 68 look routine—in the record books, at least. Peter Oosterhuis equaled the record 68 on Wednesday's opening round, and six other players broke 70. The Scottish dailies shouted it out in wonderment. And then came Thursday and a rush of scores that made the day before a dim memory. Four guys shot 67, including Watson and the peculiar Scottish club pro, David Huish, who would seize the halfway lead by two strokes but only shrug and say that no matter what happened he wasn't going to miss out on "golf week" at North Berwick when he would get to sell a whole lot of clubs and balls. Nor would he consider going on the tour. "I don't see why I should do something I don't want to do," Huish said. "On the tour I'd miss my home cookin'."

Watson, who had never played in the British Open or been in Great Britain, shared the victory with his caddy.



No sooner had everyone been given a chance to swallow these 67s than there came the first of Bobby Cole's 66s, and fearsome Carnoustie had a new record in only 24 hours. The South African seemed to be playing beautifully as he removed the ball from the cups and tipped his cap in the manner of Gary Player, who was once his idol.

The field wasn't through with Carnoustie, however. Friday turned up calm again and, with the beast down and panting, people were going to flog it, as if to get back for the years of suffering. This was the day the Americans finally got interested, the day Johnny Miller birdied five of the first seven holes, that Watson birdied four of the first six, that Hale Irwin ripped off four birdies in a row on the front side, that Jack Nicklaus flirted with a low round but settled for 68.

But it was also the day Cole gouged out another 66 and the day that Newt the Beut burst fourth with a 65, which might have equaled the number of beers he'd had over the past 48 hours or so. "Jack Newton is striking a blow for all the fun lovers," said a fun lover in the press tent.

The final round began with the whole world under par behind Cole's 12-under total of 204, and if one bothered to take stock of things he discovered that Carnoustie had now yielded the ungodly number of 34 sub-70 rounds. Nicklaus knew why. "An easy course lets people score well who ordinarily wouldn't," he said. Nicklaus had known precisely how easy the course was for several days. In four practice rounds he had shot 67, 65, 67, 65.

For Saturday's play, however, just enough of a true Carnoustie breeze came up, about 12 mph, to change the club selection on every hole. And the Royal and Ancient, hoping, no doubt, to protect some kind of honor for Carnoustie, took the precaution of placing just about every pun on a knob or in a dark corner of a green.

Wind or no wind, Carnoustie's last four holes might be the best, most demanding and intriguing finish anywhere in golf. With those factories sitting there across the road, they aren't that scenic but they are brutal beyond belief if you're only playing for fun, let alone a major championship.

The 15th is a 461-yard par-4 down a

narrow alley, and into the proper Carnoustie wind it's a blind iron second shot to a green that doesn't exist. The 16th is a 235-yard par-3 where the pin normally sits in a bunker. And then comes the Barry Burn, as the Scots call it. The burn—it would be a creek in Arkansas—rambles around and over the 17th and 18th holes, causing every sort of problem from the tees and on the approaches. The par-4 17th demands an iron from the tee although it measures 454 yards. You have to hit an iron that is not too short but not too long, and then you can have anything from a spoon to a three-iron to a green protected by sand hills. The 18th, which had been shortened to a par-4 this time, played 448 yards—a drive and a midiron, if you didn't drive into the burn or a bunker and if you didn't hit the iron into the burn or a bunker or a grandstand or out of bounds.

What these holes did was conspire to decide the championship, as everyone knew they would. Consider the Saturday finish of the leading contenders. Going to the 15th tee, Newton was 12 under, Cole 11 under, Miller 10 under, Watson nine under and Nicklaus still there at eight under.

Nicklaus was playing up ahead and he said to his American caddie, Angelo Argea, "One birdie'll take it, Angie, because those guys are going to fly apart back there." Jack played the four holes in even par, nearly getting his birdie on the last hole with a chip shot. Miller, after getting himself in the mood with a brilliant 66 on Friday, thought he needed birdies. Gambling, he played two over on the last four, bogeying 16 and 18 and finishing in total shock. Cole went completely to pieces with wild shots and bogeys on 15, 16 and 17 and was lucky to have had even a chance to tie after the 17th, where his tee shot hit a hazard post, preventing him from going in the water. Something caught up with Newt the Beut—the beer or the pressure—and, like Cole, he saw his wheels come off, bogeying 15, 16 and 17 with a variety of trick shots.

It was Watson who played most of the golf in the final round. He was the only one of the leaders to break par on the front nine, and if he hadn't three-putted three straight holes he might have sailed in. He faltered only at the 16th with a bogey, but on 15, 17 and 18 he drilled shots into the flags. His three-wood to



Jack Newton shot a course-record 65 and in his duel with Watson faltered only once

the 17th was a classic, but he missed the putt. He felt he had to birdie 18. He bustled a drive and had a nine-iron, of all things, to the green. It was splendid, about 20 feet from the cup. And he just hammered the putt into the hole for a finishing birdie.

"This was really satisfying," said Watson after tying Newton at 279. "It was great to play well when I had to for a change." For the past two or three years Watson has been blowing up in tournaments, and at Carnoustie he had been trying to work on his attitude. People attempted to help, either by teasing him or lecturing him. Before the final round Byron Nelson told him, "You're playing the best golf of anyone here. Remember those last four holes. Don't give up or get discouraged." At that point, Watson had made 18 birdies, more than anyone. He was playing the best golf. And as he left to tee off on Sunday, someone else told him, "Don't let this bother you, Tom, but this is for America today."

Watson laughed at that but went out and saved us—and himself—some pride.

END



CATCHING CONNORS IN THE STRETCH

by ARTHUR ASHE

This year's Wimbledon winner discloses the tactics he devised to topple the defending champion—and warns bookmakers to keep a weather eye out

Understand at the outset that it was not foremost a matter of beating Jimmy Connors. The primary thing is that I won Wimbledon. I beat Jimmy Connors and I beat Tony Roche, Björn Borg, Graham Stilwell, Brian Gottfried, Jan Kramszpan and Bob Hewitt. There were 128 guys at the start and one all alone at the end. They can give away a billion dollars in one of those "Challenge Matches," and it will never measure up to the value of a great tournament, especially Wimbledon. Winning the big ones is the only way you move up the ranks.

People keep asking: What is it like to win Wimbledon? Well, right after the match, when I walked off the court, Neale Fraser came up to me. Neale won Wimbledon in 1960. He put out his hand, and he smiled and said, "Welcome to the club." Then Neale took me into an office and handed me a phone. Lew Hoad, who won Wimbledon twice, was on the other end. He had called from Spain midway in the match and when he found out I was winning he just stayed on and kept the line open till it was over. That is what it is like to win Wimbledon.

I believed that I would win. I don't mean that I thought I would win. I *understood* that I would win. I was an 11-2 underdog, but by my logic I should have been the favorite. I first got the feeling that I was destined to take the title the week before when I was playing Gottfried. I was very scared of that match, but when we got in there, Brian couldn't do anything right and I couldn't do anything wrong. The draw was opening up just right for me, my schedule was good, they gave me good courts and everything

was falling into place. We have an expression among the players: "going through the zone." It comes from the old *Twilight Zone* TV show and, roughly translated, it means playing out of sight, out of this world. The trouble is, most times when you go through the zone it is in Fort Worth or Bologna, and who knows? It suddenly occurred to me that I had picked the Wimbledon weeks to go through the zone.

I was totally relaxed in the finals, never nervous for a moment. Of course, I am known for wearing a mask on the court, a poker face, but those who know me well have told me they could discern something beyond the usual unemotional coolness. They saw a serenity, a peace—and that is exactly the way it was out there.

When Connors broke me twice to win the third set and when he kept winging in the fourth, playing like a demon, do you know what went through my mind? It was a detached observation that it was about time he got hot. It was almost comforting because it violated my sense of the normal that I could beat him easily in three sets. So it was no problem to come on again.

Part of my confidence was that, strategically, I knew very well how to go about beating Connors. And the few heretics in tennis who agreed with me all arrived independently at the same conclusions. One of these was Dennis Ralston. And what a wonderful "just desert" this is: Jimmy Connors would not play for the U.S. Davis Cup team with Ralston as captain. Dennis made two calls from California instructing me on how to beat Connors. As we tried to tell Jimmy, Dennis Ralston is a very good captain.

All of us agreed that I must not slug

with Connors. That's what Roscoe Tanner did in the semis, and he turned Connors into a riptide. Roscoe had beaten Connors a couple weeks before, at Nottingham, by outbitting Jimmy, so he tried the same game at Wimbledon. But Connors was just getting used to the grass at Nottingham. Besides, they use a Dunlop ball there and a Slazenger at Wimbledon. The Dunlop is much heavier while the Slazenger will sail. So, if you hit Slazenger bullets at Connors he'll spit them back at you. Everybody always makes a big fuss about the different court surfaces in tennis, but the balls can be just as different, the adapting just as crucial.

Nonetheless, as good as Connors' ground strokes are—and this is a guy who routed Ken Rosewall from the baseline—he is better at returning serve than during the rest of the point. Remember, in their "Challenge," Connors pinned Newcombe to the baseline with his return of serve, and I thought that impossible. The oldtimers tell me that Don Budge could do that to the best people with his backhand, but Jimmy can do it from both sides. I got cocky at one point in the third set when I was rolling and up 40-15, and slugged a cannonball with all my might, perfectly, just in the corner. I never even saw it come back past me. So, you must sacrifice power in order to get a high percentage of first serves in. Don't give Connors a chance on your second serve. Moreover, as Ralston suggested, I sliced him wide to his two-handed backhand in the deuce court.

Generally, though, I hit the ball off him. I didn't want to give him any angles. That's where others have gone wrong. And I wouldn't let Connors hang back. Even on grass he's three times better at the baseline than at net. So I'd think it

straight at him, and force him to come in. Then I'd make him go wide, make him stretch for the volley, ideally a bit high, especially on the backhand. A two-handed player has difficulty hitting a high backhand volley.

In this vein, especially for Connors, I borrowed a little shot Rod Laver uses. It's a low backhand lob that he kind of shovels barely over your backhand reach. It's maddening; it just slides over your stretch—and two-handed guys can't stretch as far.

Late on the morning of the finals I warmed up with Ray Ruffels, who's a lefty (and he told me he had twice before warmed up Wimbledon finalists, both of whom won). He couldn't understand why I was lobbing all the time. "What's that? You never use a lob," he said. And he's right; in the normal run of things I can't lob worth a damn. Often I completely forget even to try. I lobbed better against Connors than I ever have in my life. As I say, I was in the zone.

And in a curious way Connors improved the weakest part of my game, which is my forehand volley. It tends to get wobbly when I try to do things with it, but Jimmy hits the ball so hard that all you have to do is hold your racket out there and bounce his shot back.

So that is how you beat Jimmy Connors. And, of course, it also helped that he choked. Everybody blanches at that word, but choking is really an everyday thing. I choke sometimes. We all choke. Jimmy just poked the finals of Wimbledon to choke. In the beginning of the match, when things were on the line, he kept hitting balls into the net. If you're making mistakes by swinging away and hitting long, that's one thing, but when a slugger like Connors is hitting Slazengers way short into the net, that tells you something else. When he was far behind, the pressure lifted (it's always easier to serve at love-40 than at 30-40); that's when he got loose and played well. Then, as soon as he started to get back in the match, he began hitting short again.

It had been my plan to get ahead at all costs. I practiced later than usual before the match, and then took a brisk massage, so that I was actually sweating when I took the court. I'd never been ahead of Jimmy before, and while we know that he can lay it on, play his very best from in front, we don't know much

about how he reacts when he's behind.

But I sympathized with Jimmy because the pressure was on him. After he beat Roscoe they called him invincible—which I'm sure he would have been if I had tried to overpower him the way Roscoe had. Moreover, Connors had beaten me the three previous times we had played. But the one occasion we met on grass, it went five sets, and I didn't play well. The two times he beat me in straight sets were in South Africa, where there is a very great deal of unusual pressure on me. At Wimbledon he had not lost a set, which everybody assumed was a positive sign for him. I had had several tough matches, capped by five sets in three hours against another lefthander in the semis. Who was better prepared, physically and mentally?

And tactically? Jimmy has played four big matches this year. Newcombe beat him in Australia and I beat him at Wimbledon, and he beat Laver and Newcombe in the "Challenge Matches." The two times he won he had his coach, Pancho Segura, by his side. The two he lost old Slinky wasn't there. I find that an interesting coincidence.

Finally, as a lefthander, Connors usually has an edge over a righthander because lefthaws are different. A southpaw's shots spin the other way. But Connors got cheated this year by the weather. The courts at Wimbledon are laid out so that around the time when Wimbledon is played there is a period of about 45 minutes, just after the day's play begins at two o'clock, when the sun is murder on a righthander serving on one side of the court. Last year I got eliminated by a lefthander in a two o'clock match; at the same time, on another court, Borg went out to another lefty. If they continue to take bets on matches at Wimbledon, the bookies should be advised that any righthander-lefthander match at two o'clock on any court gives a wicked edge to the lefty.

Except, of course, on the days when the sun is behind the clouds from two to 2:45. That's the way it was for the finals. As I explained earlier, I felt destined to win.

Before our match, in the little waiting room off Centre Court, Jimmy and I chatted alone for a minute or two. Small talk between pals. He sued me for \$5 million a few weeks ago. Last year at Wimbledon he sued my friends Donald

Dell and Jack Kramer, who are, like myself, officials of the Association of Tennis Professionals.

Despite the fact that he keeps suing people, I still rather like the kid. And we must have something in common. The Nastase, Jimmy's doubles partner, says that Connors and I are his only two good friends in tennis. Left to his own devices, I'm sure Jimmy could be one of the boys. But he is not his own man, and I feel sorrow for him, not anger.

It seems to me that his manager, Bill Riordan, is the guy pulling the strings. But Riordan is also—let us face it—the man who has made Jimmy Connors a million dollars. In many professional respects Riordan has handled Connors beautifully, for example, letting him play only with the stacked deck on his own tour while the other good players beat each other's brains out in World Championship Tennis. You can't get beat if you don't put yourself on the line, and Riordan doesn't let Connors regularly expose himself. But at big tournaments Jimmy is primed and eager. Jack Kramer, hardly a Riordan supporter, is always telling us, "You guys play too much." He is right.

But Connors has paid a dear price for letting Bill Riordan maneuver him. In effect Connors has traded in his soul. He is nearly friendless among the players. He offends the public with vulgarity and foul language. His admirers compare him to Muhammad Ali, but Ali was never so insensitive—or so shortsighted—as to insult the paying public. Somehow I feel that Jimmy set out to fill some role that had been created for him, but that along the way he forgot where the acting took over from reality. He has fulfilled the image and made a villain of himself, and that is a sad thing for a 22-year-old boy to be. Worse, he seems to revel in it.

I've given up trying to get him to join the ATP. I only hope now that he and Riordan and Jimmy's mother will stop refusing to play for Davis Cup captains and will play for the country. I think that one move would do wonders in restoring some popularity to Connors, and I believe it would be a good experience for him as well. *Then maybe he could play another "Challenge Match" for CBS.*

It's funny how these things tend to work out. All of a sudden, the guy Jimmy Connors is suing is the only opponent he's got.

COULD SHE HAVE BEEN SAVED?

After Ruffian's death came the questions. Could surgery have been delayed? Why can't a horse be tranquilized like a human? Was amputation possible? An account of a great filly's last hours

by WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON

Thoroughbreds are a commodity. Decisions concerning their lives and their deaths are, by and large, a matter of economics. Sentiment is seldom involved. And thus it was with Ruffian, the magnificent filly. She was destroyed after suffering desperate injury in a souped-up \$350,000 match race with Foolish Pleasure, watched by 18 million people on CBS-TV. She was considered by some the best filly ever to race. We will never know now. Because the tragedy happened in such a supercharged fishbowl, the death of Ruffian will always rank among the most famous in horse-racing history.

She was worth a million dollars, and a herculean night-long effort was made to save her life. A far less valuable horse with the same injury would have been destroyed in a few minutes. The conditions were chaotic, the pressure was killing and, worse, the luck was consistently bad.

The first medical man to reach Ruffian after she broke down on the backstretch of Belmont Park was Dr. Manuel Gilman, a calm, softer man, chief veterinarian on the New York racetracks for 31 years. He said, "It was as bad an accident as could happen. She had fractured both sesamoid bones [pyramid-shaped, walnut-sized bones behind the fetlock joint] of her right front leg. She had been going so fast and was so full of herself—she was in the race of her life—that she kept running on the fracture, grinding, grinding, grinding the bones. It was an unbelievable injury. The ligaments were shattered. The bones were like pieces of glass."



Ruffian's momentum had caused her to charge onward for 40 yards or more, each step bringing her 1,125 pounds down again and again on the torn nub of her ankle. The hoof was pointed up like a ski, the wound was stuffed with sand and filth from the track. Dr. Gilman put on an emergency airboot cast to hold the shattered bones and stop the bleeding. Ruffian was slipping into shock from the pain, from the massive effort she had made in the race (the first quarter was run in :22½, a terrific pace) and from the horrifying surprise of suddenly having only three legs. Dr. William O. Reed, a veterinary surgeon who operated on Ruffian later that night in his equine hospital outside Belmont, said, "The psychological stress on her was immense with her leg gone. It's a terrifying shock to an animal to be that helpless—on three legs instead of four. She couldn't understand, she panicked."

An ambulance took Ruffian from the track to her stall in Barn 34. She was getting more excited, more panicky. The scene at the stall was pure chaos. Doz-

ens of anxious friends of Owner Stuart Janney and Trainer Frank Whiteley were there, plus a throng of reporters, stable employees, Pinkerton guards. Ruffian, wild-eyed, was dripping sweat from the pain and the fear. She was literally losing gallons of fluid, becoming critically dehydrated. Three more doctors arrived to join Gilman and Reed in the stall. One was Dr. James Prendergast, who was Ruffian's doctor of record during her New York races. Another was Dr. Alex Harthill, a Louisville, Ky. veterinarian who has been in the

news through the years in a number of controversial cases—including the dispute after the 1968 Kentucky Derby over medication Harthill allegedly administered to Dancer's Image. Many horsemen consider Dr. Harthill a brilliant practitioner; he was Ruffian's doctor when she wintered in South Carolina. He is not, however, licensed to practice at New York tracks, never having applied. When Dr. Gilman gave his dispassionate, detailed account of the factors that led to Ruffian's destruction, he managed not once to include the name of Alex Harthill. Finally, there was Dr. Edward C. Keefer, an orthopedic surgeon on the staff of New York Hospital, who had been at the race and was invited to the barn by Cynthia Phipps, Mrs. Janney's niece. Dr. Keefer had achieved celebrity among horsemen in 1973 when he fashioned an artificial foot, brace and laced-boot contraption for Spanish Riddle, who had suffered a compound fracture. Keefer's orthopedic device saved the colt from being destroyed.

Dr. Harthill ordered Ruffian's leg

placed in ice water. In a tape recording later distributed at Belmont, he said, "The most paramount thing we had to do was to get her into ice in an attempt to stop this terrible hemorrhage." In retrospect, this was a controversial choice of treatment. The water became polluted with the contaminants of the wound. Dr. Reed said, "If I had had a preference, it would have been to place a sterile dressing on it, under compression, to prevent excessive swelling." Dr. Gilman said, "I had nothing to do with it. I don't want to discuss it."

Meanwhile, Ruffian was getting more excited, and a mild dose of tranquilizer was administered. Here the bleakest bad luck entered the picture: the drug worked as a stimulant. Doctors call it a "drug idiosyncrasy," which caused a "paradoxical reaction." Instead of becoming quiet, Ruffian turned even more violent in the stall. "She reared up," said Dr. Gilman, "she tried to lie on her belly, she tried to

throw herself over. If the tranquilizer had worked properly, she might have been fine. It didn't. Once the drug was in her, we couldn't take it out. We decided then that the only thing to do was to put her on an operating table and go to work on her. You can't put her to sleep in her stall; once she comes out of it, she'll wreck the place. Besides, it was full of filth and she was already infected."

During the ambulance trip to Dr. Reed's hospital, Ruffian calmed down a bit and seemed to be cooling out a little. Reed gave her 9 cc's. of promazine, another tranquilizer, and this time she began to relax. Nevertheless, she was in deep trouble. Dr. Harthill said, "She took a lot of consoling. The pain and the shock was becoming more intense all the time. She was sedated and anesthetized, and this anesthesia process became quite an issue because her heartbeat was running off; her breathing ceased and we had to use artificial respiration as well

as artificial stimulants." Twice, the team of veterinarians had to bring Ruffian back from a point of medical death.

Harthill had told Owner Janney when they left the barn that Ruffian's chance of survival was not better than 10%. Dr. Reed said later, "She was a very poor risk. She had no chance of surviving as she was. If this was a human, we would not have operated. She was deep in shock and I would have liked to settle her down, to stabilize her gradually for some period of time before surgery—perhaps even two days—to allow her to tolerate everything as much as possible. But it was not my case to start with."

Because of her extreme dehydration, Ruffian's blood had become thick, sludgelike, and her heart was pumping fiercely to move it through her system. Her pulse was timed on a Datascope oscilloscope in the hospital at 76 beats a minute; normal is 36. Even after she was asleep under the anesthesia and through-

continued



ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALLAN HAROON

out surgery, it never dropped lower. The anesthetic in her already-tormented system added yet another element of stress. She was in critical condition as the actual surgery began. Would it have been better to wait until she was more stabilized? Dr. Gilman said, "You have to pick a method and stick with it. There are always four or five ways of doing things. Our method was to put her to sleep and clean out the wound. It took half an hour—more—just to clean it, flush out the filth, put in a drain and stitch it up. If the fracture hadn't been compound, we could've put a cast on it in her stall and she would possibly have been O.K. The break itself wasn't so severe that she couldn't survive." Gangrene might have set in if the wound had been left dirty. That would have meant amputation. Even though such a treatment worked for Spanish Riddle, it could not have saved Ruffian, Dr. Gilman said. "Spanish Riddle's case was one in a million. Ruffian would've killed herself flailing about if we had amputated."

The surgery itself was elementary. Besides cleaning the wound and installing the drain, it involved removal of some of the bone chips. During surgery, Dr. Keefer entered the operating room. Though humans are his profession, "horses are my hobby, my love," Keefer said. For years he has dabbled in orthopedic devices for horses, and last spring he repaired a yearling's dislocated ankle with a steel brace attached to a shoe, which was then encased in a plaster cast. Keefer said, "I noticed that Ruffian's shoe size was the same as the yearling's and I told Dr. Harthill in the barn that I had a brace we might use to stabilize her leg. He agreed and I rushed off to my home to get it."

The brace consisted of padded steel supports which would run up both sides of Ruffian's leg, from the shoe to just below the knee, where padded metal clamps would be fitted to her leg. Thus, her weight would be supported at that level, well above the ankle, leaving the shattered bones with no pressure on them. The shoe was nailed to Ruffian's hoof by a blacksmith summoned from his bed to the hospital. It took nearly two hours to complete the cast; a large amount of plaster was required to hold the brace in place. The doctors had considered using fiber glass for the cast. It is both stronger and lighter than plaster, but Dr. Keefer chose plaster because he felt fiber glass

could become too tight and shut off circulation; also it was possible to make a "window" in the plaster in order for the wound to drain. Fiber glass would have weighed three or four pounds; the plaster cast weighed from seven to 10 pounds, Dr. Keefer said.

The operation had been performed with Ruffian lying on her left side on a hydraulic table that rises out of the concrete floor of Dr. Reed's operating room. The doctors were gowned in surgical green and masked. Ruffian was covered with sterile green sheeting. An oxygen tube had been thrust down Ruffian's throat. The anesthetic vaporizer filled and emptied slowly with her breathing. There was the constant ping of the oscilloscope monitoring her heartbeat. The plaster cast in place at last, it was 12:30 a.m., more than six hours since she had broken down.

Now she was ready for the recovery stall. A steel door, hinged at the bottom, is set in the wall of the operating room. It can be dropped so the top rests flush with the edge of the operating table, forming a ramp. The other side of the table was raised and Ruffian's great weight slid down the tilted door into the recovery stall. It is about 15 feet square, with grey Ensolite padding on the cement-block walls; the floor is covered with straw. Dr. Harthill said in his taped recollection, "Well, she lay there for about an hour and 15 or 20 minutes. At this point she started a mild struggling period, which is to be expected. This happens to all horses after anesthesia. In between these sessions her body was rubbed with alcohol, in an effort to increase circulation and to rejuvenate the muscles which had to become toxic from laying for so long and from the accumulation of waste products. . . . The struggle became more violent. We had several men trying to hold her, and she threw us around as if we were rag dolls. We could not hold her down." Dr. Keefer said, "We were trying to keep her on one side or the other. But she was all around the recovery stall, hitting the walls with her feet. She thought she was still galloping in the race, she kept trying to run."

Ruffian flailed and rolled and threw herself about, a raging dumb animal crazed with the trauma and pain of an awful injury. Finally, more than an hour after she revived, she became so violent that the cast began to jerk slowly down

her leg. Incredibly, the nails in the shoe began to loosen from the ferocity of her actions. The cast dropped an inch, two inches, six inches—and finally it came off. There was nothing more to be done. Another operation—four or five hours more of anesthesia—was out of the question; she could not tolerate it. Harthill said, "The idea of trying to keep her sedated for a long period of time wouldn't be the answer because where in human beings you can keep them in bed a long time, in the case of a horse you have to get them up. You have no alternative. They lay on that one side and develop radial paralysis, and we have to work very feverishly to keep this from happening." Radial paralysis comes from pressure on the shoulder nerve; it can develop in a matter of minutes.

Why hadn't they used a sling to immobilize her? Dr. Reed said, "You cannot put a sling on a hyperactive animal like Ruffian. She'd have torn down every wall in the hospital."

They sedated Ruffian quickly to prevent her from hurting herself even more. She had already done damage to her other legs, the cast was off, she was in worse shape than ever. Dr. Keefer said, "People have wondered if the cast was too heavy, if it flew off from centrifugal force and its own weight. I stick up for my cast, I would use it again. Ruffian was a very high-strung horse. She would not tolerate my cast. Last year she did not tolerate a very light fiber-glass cast on her hind leg for a hairline fracture. She fought the air cast after she was injured. I've been lying awake nights thinking about it. The only regret I have is that we couldn't anchor the shoe to the hoof better, but I don't know how we could."

It was now after 2 a.m. and Dr. Harthill phoned Stuart Janney. "We appraised Mr. Janney of the prospect," said Harthill. "He said, 'Doctor, she is too great to go through what you say is going to be the eventuality of necrosis and gangrene. I'm a realistic man and I have been in the horse business long enough to know you can do so much and that's as far as you can go.' He thanked us very much."

At 2:20 a.m. on July 7, 1975, Ruffian was given a massive dose of phenobarbital. She was dead in five seconds. When the news became known, tens of thousands who had never been closer to Ruffian—or any other horse—than their TV tube, wept.

END

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CARAVAN INTO THE CORNBELT

They started out in raggedy procession from Council Bluffs, 1,500 strong. Pedaling across the back roads of Iowa, the cyclists found more than gentle adventure—surprisingly, everybody was mighty glad to see them

by **BIL GILBERT**



The 1,500 pedalers who met on a summer Sunday morning in Council Bluffs on the Big Muddy had been collected at random. There were a few friends, but in the main it was a horde of strangers whose only connection was that each possessed a bicycle and was committed to riding it across the state of Iowa. On these narrow grounds the

strangers tried to relate to each other. There was talk about various brands of bikes, topographical information and rumor about the number of hills ahead. There was bantering about saddle sores, charley horses and the improbability of the whole enterprise.

But none of these topics was of importance seven days and 460 miles later

when the cyclists wheeled into Dubuque on the Father of Waters. By then the riders had been treated with equal parts of Iowa sun, wind, dew, home-cooked food, corn, hay and pig smells. They had taken nickel beer together in Guthrie Center, enjoyed sugar cookies on the steps of various churches and laid down sleeping bags on the banks of the Cedar River. On Saturday in Dubuque people who just the Sunday before had not known each other from Adam's off-ox were hugging and kissing, crying and laughing, and exchanging addresses and all sorts of vows. During the week the collection had become a community bound in a crazy quilt of necessary and agreeable arrangements, possessing instant history, myths and folk heroes. This was SAGBRAI, The Second Annual Great Bicycle Ride Across Iowa. (The Des Moines *Register's* Annual Great Bicycle Ride Across Iowa III has been scheduled for Aug. 3-9.)

John Karras and Don Kaul, longtime friends employed by the *Register*, were responsible for SAGBRAI. Karras is the Sunday feature editor of the paper and Kaul is its Washington columnist, a smart and funny man who has been described as Iowa's Art Buchwald. In 1973 Karras and Kaul decided to take a week's bike ride across the state, mostly to have a good time but under the cover of looking for down-home news. They mentioned the trip in columns and features they wrote en route, and that was all that was needed for hundreds of Iowans to join them on the ride from Sioux City to Davenport. Everyone had such a dandy time that the urge to do it again proved irresistible.

As SAGBRAI time approached last year, it became apparent that a lot of people had heard about the first ride and had sat around kicking themselves all winter for missing it. Letters and calls began to come in to the *Register* by the hundreds, not only from Iowa but from Ellicott City, Md., Iron Springs, Pa., Milwaukee, Phoenix and Santa Barbara.

To get ready for their second party, which surely was going to be a very big one, Karras and Kaul made a few elementary arrangements. They sat down with a road map and plotted a pleasant, circuitous rural route meandering across central Iowa, avoiding major highways and passing as many sugar-cookie and catfish-sandwich stops as possible. Several bike shops joined the project and

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outfitted vans as mobile repair depots. Massey-Ferguson, which sells a lot of tractors in Iowa, provided a tractor-wagon to creep along the back roads (through some of the best tractor-wagon sales territory in the world) and pick up exhausted bikes and bikers. This rig became known as the Sag Wagon. The *Register* itself moved gear from one campground to the next.

Finally, the organizers contacted six communities—Atlantic, Guthrie Center, Camp Dodge, Marshalltown, Waterloo and Monticello—asking if they would bed and board a few hundred, well, maybe a few thousand, bikers for an evening. "It wasn't a question of twisting arms," says Kaul. "All we had to do was ask and the reaction was, 'Wow, you mean we can have the Great Bike Ride for a night?'" The communities got the parks and swimming pools ready and laid on the chow and band concerts.

That was, wisely, all there was to SAGBRAI. "Except for explaining where we were going and when, I told everyone to ride as much or as little as he liked, on any kind of bike he wanted to try," says John Karras.

A kaleidoscope contains half a handful of glass shards. It is possible to knock off the end, spill out the pieces, count and specify them: so many triangular blues, trapezoidal ambers, hexagonal greens. However, this is a poor way to describe or appreciate a kaleidoscope. The fun and beauty of the thing is the patterns into which the bits of glass fall, the constant shifting of the patterns. SAGBRAI was similar. There were no particularly rare happenings and the commonplace ones did not build in orderly narrative fashion to a dramatic conclusion. The extraordinary thing was the shifting patterns of things and people, sharp scenes and vignettes that emerged like fantasy designs in a cloudy sky and then merged and became another design.

Fifteen hundred bikes have 3,000 wheels and 108,000 spokes. These wheels and spokes were revolving day and night. So common was the movement that it seemed to become part of the everyday environment, like the sun, clouds and cornfields. Spinning wheels and wires were always there—in the background or foreground, interwoven in every scene and impression. Their motion gave the illusion of motion to quite stationary



objects—a barn, a tree, a napping rider.

It seemed that a master civic planner had once traveled through rural Iowa and convinced its citizens that every community must have 50 acres of shady parkland with a picnic pavilion, a swimming pool and a bandstand. Or maybe Karras and Kaul rented the set from MGM, got up very early and secretly assembled these properties at the next night's stop.

In the afternoons a bikers' village would rise up in one of the parks. A thousand scarlet, ice-blue, hunter's-orange, sea-green, desert-brown, buttercup-yellow backpackers' tents would be pitched. In the late summer sun, the flower tents were like a wild, rich, terrestrial rainbow.

There was no reveille in the rainbow villages, no taps, no starting time, line or gun. The time to start riding was when it felt like time to start, and people felt variously about this. There were dawn riders, high-noon riders and everytime-in-between riders. The caravan usually strung out over 10 or 15 miles.

One young rider was a bicycle freak like some 20-year-olds are car freaks. He held

forth on good and bad brands like a health-food faddist analyzing the properties of refined cane sugar or Deaf Smith flour. Through talent and experience he was probably the hardest charger among the 1,500, having competed in and won Midwestern races. When he took off on a sprint, his body was held straight, all but motionless from the waist up. His legs pumped as though they were part of the machine. He found no occasion to shift below seventh gear. There was speculation that if he were to shift down to first he might be able to pump a bike up the side of a silo.

Because he didn't know what else to do, the youth treated the first day's ride like a moderate workout, cruising the 50 miles in a couple of hours. He ended up bored in an empty campground, waiting for everyone else. Later on he seemed to be doing his best to be dead last. It became unnecessary for anyone else to worry about being in a particular place at a particular time.

"Are you the honeymooners?" a couple was asked.

"You are probably looking for Pete and Sue. They were married two days before we left Council Bluffs. Jay and I never knew each other before we started. But you could call us unofficial honeymooners."

And why shouldn't a quick-blooming summer romance receive its due? Just because he stands around for centuries, most of the time freezing his twigs off in lousy weather, an oak has no right to think he is better than a morning glory.

Given the general mood of good feeling, the two teams of state troopers that patrolled the SAGBRAI route were not needed. They did not glare at people through wraparound shades, frisk anyone or bust anyone for illegal handlebars. They played rock on their radios, passed out Band-Aids and were always stopping to ask if everyone was having fun.

What is sometimes called dirt weed in the Middle West grows abundantly along the back roads of western Iowa. It is true cannabis and the growth gets to be enormous, some of the raggedy plants standing 10 feet tall—but it has grown gentle in this gentle land and packs about the same wallop as catnip, sassafras root or a bad franchise cheeseburger. Still, riding between towering stands of the mythic weed excited newcomers to the country. There was a lot of marijuana business, twining it around handlebars, sticking sprigs in handbags and ponytails. A teen-age couple draped themselves with plaited garlands of dirt weed. Then they gave their camera to another rider and posed against a plantation of truly formidable marijuana bushes for a keepsake photo. The girl, the boy, the photographer and several other interested onlookers leaned their bikes against a state-police cruiser whose driver had stopped to see if everyone was having a good time.

Iowa is such a moderate place. There is a lot of rolling country, reminiscent of the Shenandoah Valley but without the distant craggy mountains. There are ponds, creeks and sloughs but there are no breakers, waterfalls or jungly swamps. Tangled thickets are interspersed with pastures and plowed fields, and coons, muskrat, mink, foxes and pheasant make do in the marshy and woody places, but there is not much in the way of primeval

wilderness. The climate is not very formidable for very long. There are a lot of Iowa days when the sun and the temperature are sweet and right. Iowa is not a spectacular place as are harsh, marginal, picture-postcard regions, but it looks and feels like a place where men were meant to live, and can live, in harmony rather than in conflict with natural elements. There is a sense that Iowa is a heartland.

One Iowan got up on the morning of the day the bike ride was to pass his place, drove into town, bought 75 iced water-melons and loaded them onto his truck. He and his kids parked along the SAGBRAI route on top of a long knoll. They put some salt boxes on the hood of the truck, began chipping up melons and passing out the pieces to the riders.

"You are certainly welcome. . . . That is nice of you to say, but it is our pleasure. . . . I read in the paper about all of you coming this way. We got to talking about it and I decided that if I was doing what you are doing and was hot and thirsty, a nice cold piece of melon would taste best. We haven't had so much fun all summer, getting out on a day like this, getting to talk to you people. . . ."

The village had cement sidewalks with high curbs. There were wooden benches against the storefronts. Retired men sat on the benches, gossiped, spit, watched things pass.

"This is a great penny-pitching sidewalk, like a national championship course. You fellows pitch pennies?"

"No, sir, we don't. I can't recall anyone ever doing that here."

"Let's throw a few. This is too good a place to waste."

On the last round 75 or so pennies were entered. A stiff, toothless benchman flipped his penny without bending anything but his wrist. There was not much artistry but a lot of luck in the throw. The coin carttered across the cement, caromed off the foundation of the hardware store and came to rest right in the middle of the target crack. Younger sports bent down, scooped up the 75 pennies and poured them into the winner's overalls pockets. The novelty of the whole thing, plus the pleasure of winning, set him to chortling, snuffling, coughing until he near swallowed his Redman.

By the entrance to the Community Historical Society Museum in Maxwell was

a large color photograph of several fine-looking pigs. Underneath the photograph the caption read, "The World's Greatest Pig Picture—Nationally known photographer, Joe Munroe, shot this un-retouched photo while on his knees in a pigpen in Iowa in 1969. They were Ralph Haines' hogs—Clemens, Iowa."

Among the other 3,300 items in the museum were a bison skull, Alice Bullard's fancy dollhouse, a pagoda made out of small pieces of wood that took first prize in an arts and crafts competition at the 1893 Chicago World's Fair, a Ku Klux Klan costume, a good many old hand tools, local inventions and several roomfuls of antique furniture.

The everyday uniform for Iowa farmers is bib overalls and rubber boots. The curator of the Maxwell museum, an articulate and marvelously informative man, was so dressed, raising the suspicion that he might be some country-culture hotshot from New Haven in a Maxwell-type costume. It was an unworthy thought. He was an honest, sure-enough farmer who had come in to open the museum as an accommodation to the touring bike riders. "I got interested in the museum some years ago and now it seems it takes more time than the farm," he said. "To tell you the truth, I'd rather work down here than eat." Because of his avocation, the curator had become an amateur archeologist, antique restorer and cultural historian.

Visitors have been struck by the inordinate number of friendly, sensible, outgoing, just plain good people in Iowa. It may be that the state has some mean-spirited rascals but if so they are hustled into the backroom or tool shed when guests come to call. Nobody who rode with SAGBRAI got crossways of an ugly Iowan though SAGBRAI was the kind of happening that might well be expected to bring out ornerness—I, 500 oddly dressed and undressed strangers rolling through the countryside, drinking up all the beer, flushing all the toilets, crowding the swimming pools and cluttering up the parks. But everywhere the pedalers were met with general expressions of pleasure and interest.

Maybe Iowans have lived so long in a gentle, beautiful land that it has made them self-confident rather than self-righteous, curious rather than suspicious, openhanded rather than tightfisted. If so, Iowa is one place where a fundamental

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CARAVAN continued

theory of modern social science has proved true. The theory is that a good environment has a good influence on the character of people.

A sign at the limits of Guthrie Center reads, "Please be nice to us. You outnumber us 2 to 1." Another sign says, "Welcome stranger to friendly Granger."

SAGBRAI went past a large Victorian-Gothic farmhouse converted into an institution for the . . . for the what?—the handicapped, retarded, the different? None of the descriptions seemed quite right. In any event, three short, squashed-down middle-aged men with vaguely mongrel faces were on the lawn watching the parade of riders. Each was sitting on a large tricycle. Each had his hand raised in a permanent salute to the passing bicyclists and each had a fixed but pleasant smile. Was there such a scene? Were there really three tricyclists? Or was it a mirage? It was something to ponder while riding along toward Monticello.

As people do when they are in groups, high and happy, the SAGBRAI riders sang a lot, everything from *Delta Dawn* to *Five Hundred Miles*. One night, out of the dark, came the strangest song of all, a verse from *Lorena*—"The years creep slowly by, Lorena, the years creep slowly by. The snows are where the green grass's been. The snows have come again." It is the ballad that regiments of cold, lonely Confederate soldiers sang as their war rolled slowly on. It is said that the sound and sense of it enraged their officers and brought them boiling out of their tents. How does a girl come to sing *Lorena* in a high, sweet voice in a bicyclists' camp in Iowa? Maybe she was a young folklorist. Maybe the legacy of a great-great-grandfather who sang *Lorena* at Shiloh is not yet spent.

Some locals and SAGBRAI riders met in a tavern while having a morning pick-me-up. "I'd been hearing about this thing and I didn't know exactly what to expect," said a local. "I decided this morning that field of beans was not going to go anywhere and I'd come into town and see what was happening. You look like you're having a real good time."

"That's what it is."

"You know we have an old bike out in the barn. I guess it still runs. What I ought to do is drive back and get that

bike and come back here and, by thunder, ride on into Waterloo with you all."

"Why don't you do it? We'll wait for you. We're in no hurry. Do it."

He did it, and rode a coaster-brake bike into Waterloo with the group.

Three riders, two men and a woman, turned off the SAGBRAI route and made a detour down a gravel road that led to a section of fenced land preserved by the state as a small sample of the millions of acres of prairie that had once existed between the two great rivers of the West. It was a quiet, unpretentious place, nothing but a stile for crossing the fence and a few casual paths made by feet rather than by tools or machines. The paths wandered along washes, through sunflowers, asters, black-eyed Susans, wild carrots and other native plants and grasses that grew waist high.

One of the riders began to talk about John Charles Fremont, the so-called Great Pathfinder of the prairie. In the summer of 1842 Fremont led an exploratory party of topographical engineers from Missouri to Wyoming. That summer was a good one for him, one of the best summers any young American ever had. He was 29 and had his first command. Once he left St. Louis there was nobody to tell him what to do. Kit Carson was his scout, and for Fremont, who was a romantic, it was the best of all worlds. The weather was fine. Game was plentiful, the work was easy and they met few hostile Indians.

"They just rolled along, seeing new things, feeling good. Everything was sweet and easy," said the rider.

"An early SAGBRAI," someone said. "I guess so. Fremont wrote in his journal about that summer, about the gladness of living. I'm glad; everyone deserves a few good times."

Now and then, by chance, a group of strangers come together to do something. They meet on a playing field, in a war, at a party, while fighting a fire, branding calves, crossing an ocean or exploring a prairie. They become intimate quickly and get high on intimacy. The people involved abandon themselves to the present. What concerned them before, the circumstances that led to the chance meeting, seem unimportant. The future seems distant. SAGBRAI was that kind of instant good-time community. **END**

Latest U.S. Gov't report shows:

Iceberg 100's lowest tar of all menthol 100's.

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Iceberg 100's

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9 mg. "tar," 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report April 75

NEW ARMY GAME



No holds are barred when the men at Schofield Barracks go head to head in combat football, which may be the roughest game from here

to eternity. But the mayhem only has the general beaming **by RICHARD W. JOHNSTON**

One of the world's most durable myths is that the Duke of Wellington said the Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton. He didn't and it wasn't. Although sport always has had a major role in the armed services, even Vince Lombardi never contended that some future military triumph might be forged on the flash-frozen field at Green Bay. Now there's just a chance that reality is overtaking legend. Someday the U.S. may win a victory that legitimately can be traced to the playing fields of Schofield Barracks, the venerable Army post that squats amid the pineapple fields of Oahu, Hawaii's capital island. Members of the 25th Infantry Division, the Army's ready reserve for the Pacific, are playing a game there that solves the dilemma of the peacetime military commander: how to keep troops

battle-sharp when no battle appears imminent. The game is called combat football, and if it ever sweeps civilian America, a lot of orthopedists will be rich.

Most of the time the game attracts virtually no spectators, just a straggle of sideliners—coaches, medics, ambulance crews and next of kin. It is played on a slightly oversized football field—Schofield has five of them—and to the first-time onlooker it resembles a mixture of American football, basketball, soccer, rugby, Australian rules football, hockey (minus sticks), hurling (minus Irish), lacrosse (minus Indians) and the Civil War draft riots. There are 30 men on each side, and their primary assignment is to pass or kick one or both of two soccer balls into field hockey-style nets set on the opponents' goal line. Their secondary assignment is to keep the enemy from do-

ing the same thing—by any means short of actionable felony. No fewer than 13 officials work each game, and they are supposed to discourage blindside blocking, necktie tackling, clipping, tripping, slugging, kicking an opponent instead of the ball, stomping, gouging and beating. One can only say that they try. The teams play two nonstop 20-minute halves, in which the only time-outs come when a player is so battered that he has to be carried off the field.

Obviously combat football is a game calling for maximum protection of the players—pads, helmets, braces, possibly armor. What each participant gets is a colored, sleeveless jersey, which he is allowed to wear over a T-shirt, and bicycle shorts. He has a choice of footwear: sneakers, spikeless track shoes, or none. (Often Hawaiian and Samoan players

continued





ARMY *continued*

prefer to go barefoot.) He can wear a hat or cap if he wants to.

Although there is nothing secret about the combat football programs, admission to Schofield is by invitation and the civilian populace of Hawaii has had only one significant glimpse of the new Army game (whatever else it may be, it certainly isn't the old Army game). This was an exhibition presented between the halves of a soporific World Football League encounter between the Hawaiians and the Southern California Sun. It not only awakened but galvanized the 13,000 spectators, and it ignited Honolulu journalists, who likened the game to "Attila and his Huns vs. Hannibal and his elephants" and to "two packs of wild, hungry dogs vying for two succulent legs of lamb tossed into their midst." A soldier trying to run with the ball was said to re-



semble "a man being chased by a dozen drug-crazed alligators." The warriors got an ovation when the display ended and, sad to say, the WFL teams were greeted by cries of "Bring back the Army!" when they resumed the official business of the night.

The Honolulu exhibition delighted most spectators but it troubled a few. A retired World War II colonel asked, "What does this kind of mob scene have to do with conditioning a combat unit? I think they've gone crazy at Schofield." The violence of the game upset a woman who has become inured to television slaughter and the rigors of professional football. "These people are just attacking everybody in sight," she said. "This is the kind of violence that leads to more violence. No wonder society is in bad shape." A doctor said, "You have to wonder how troops who play this so-called game will behave when they're off duty. I'd hate to meet them in a bar."

None of these misgivings disturb Major General Harry W. Brooks Jr., commander of the Tropic Lightning Division. The stadium exhibition was just a minor skirmish in a campaign that began a year ago. Throughout last spring no fewer than 63 combat football teams engaged in the 1975 division championship tournaments. Brooks brought the game to Hawaii from Korea, where it was invented by Republic of Korea troops standing guard north of Seoul and was enthusiastically adopted by the U.S. Second Infantry Division, stationed nearby.

"Where I go, combat football goes," the general says. He has codified the game, established its dimensions and rules. Moreover, he has defined its purpose, and has proved that it produces the desired results.

The general's aim in promoting this apparent carnage is 1) to sharpen his division to round-the-clock combat readiness and 2) to diminish racial and other tensions both within the division and between soldiers and the local community. Brooks has reason to be interested in both goals, the first as a professional soldier, the second because he is one of two black division commanders in the Army.

The game is the proof of the pudding—the proof of combat efficiency—not the pudding itself. "I run a very heavy training schedule here," General Brooks says. "Very heavy." The day begins with every combat soldier, enlisted man or officer, running three miles—rain, shine or

continued





ARMY *continued*

hangover. Brooks is out there with them. "I try to run with a different outfit every day," the general says. "Once a week I go through a full day of infantry training, moving from unit to unit. I try to pick the nastiest, rainiest, most miserable day to do it. I think it helps to let the troops know the Old Man's getting wet and muddy, too. Once a month each company has live ammunition training—the troops attack a complex bunker formation. Nobody is shooting back, but if they make mistakes they may very well shoot each other. Blank cartridges don't work because there is no penalty for sloppiness."

On days when units do not have combat football games scheduled, there is arduous physical training—calisthenics, pushball and more running—and a choice of many other sports for after-hours recreation. At 47, Brooks does not play combat football, but he encourages the officers in his command to participate. (Officers who are "encouraged" to take part in an Army activity are likely to do so.) "The outfit that won the division championship last year," Brooks says, "had the commander, the first sergeant and all the platoon leaders in the lineup."

"I feel combat football is a great human relations tool. There is no race, creed or color once the game starts—you

will see blacks on blacks, whites on whites. The player's allegiance is to his team, to his pride in his unit, not to his color. I think the game demonstrates fitness, and it builds aggressiveness and a fighting heart. You've got to have that as well as teamwork in battle. At the same time it burns off the kind of aggression that soldiers sometimes turn against local people when they are off duty."

This might seem an overly glib response, but the evidence is with Brooks. Schofield's notorious stockade, immortalized in James Jones' *From Here to Eternity*, still stands, and it can hold 101 prisoners if necessary. Last week there were just five. And in adjacent Wahiawa, the plantation town that has been a Schofield playground for half a century, Honolulu Police Major Roy Schmidt says, "I don't know whether it's because of that combat football, or just because they've got a tough guy over there, but in the last year fights between soldiers and locals have died down to just about nothing."

When Brooks, as assistant commander of the Second Infantry Division based at Camp Casey, 35 miles from Seoul, decided to adapt the ROK game, his goal was to provide an outlet for troops frustrated by garrison duty and denied access to the fleshy delights of Seoul, which was off limits. "In circumstances like



that," Brooks says, "your outfit is in a sardine can. You can't afford to have them take out their frustrations on the local population." They took it out on the ROK members instead. "After the first game we had to change the rules," Brooks recalls. "Under ROK rules you could carry the ball over the goal line as well as kick or throw it in. Our troops not only went right through the goalies but through the nets, too."

As modified, the carry-over has been eliminated and two goalies occupy a six-by-nine-yard sanctuary directly in front of the net, where they may not be molested. After establishing the game in Hawaii, the general made another change. Originally there were 40 men to a side. He cut it to 30. "By the end of the first month of combat football," the general says, not without some relish, "I had 13 men in the hospital. Now the injury rate has dropped because the men have learned that getting in good shape is their best protection, and the referees have learned to blow a quick whistle when the ball is immobilized, trapped in a crowd of players. That's when injuries usually occur." The number of participants was reduced to give the officials better control, and to open up the running game. "Still," Brooks says, "it isn't the kind of game where even O.J. could go all the way." Maybe O.J. could and maybe he couldn't, but no one ever has.

No one has an exact estimate of how many soldiers have played CFB in their time in Hawaii, but at any given moment nearly 3,000 are on the squads of the Schofield teams. The fundamental GI right to bitch about command (any command) having been established in 1776, it is not surprising that some men are unhappy in their play. One soldier says, "I don't like this game and I only turn out for it because I have to." Combat football supposedly is played by volunteers, but an officer confides, "If an outfit can't dig up the necessary 30 men for a scheduled game, the first sergeant is likely to volunteer a few people who haven't volunteered themselves."

But at half a dozen games last month, very few critics could be found of Brooks or combat football. The division includes a considerable number of Southerners (79% of the men are white, 15% black, 6% a mix of Orientals, Filipinos and Polynesians) who might be expected to have reservations about the general and his methods, but Colonel Maxie Redie

of Hartsville, S.C., a commander of division support troops and a 25-year Army veteran, speaks for most when he says, "This game helps a lot of men get their frustrations out and it teaches blacks and whites to work together. General Brooks is a reasonable man. He's people-oriented, and he knows people's needs." And a grizzled first sergeant, Colonel Warren of Salem, N.C., says in a hominy-grits drawl, "The general's a mighty outstanding man, mighty outstanding."

Former football and basketball players have some advantage in combat football, but there are no stars. Anybody can play, and size isn't all that important. For example, one unit had a cook who had never been good at any sport; he was short, clumsy and uncoordinated. But in combat football he found he could carry the ball with three guys hanging on his back. It gave him a new image, made him, according to his superiors, a proud man.

Pride, blooming upward from company to battalion to regiment (now brigade) to division, has been the secret of success in the Marine Corps and the best Army divisions. Pride plus peer pressure, one should add. Both factors are blazingly evident in every combat football game, and eventually one discovers that the best teams do have strategies of a sort. They usually divide their men into offensive and defensive platoons, and they borrow basketball formations—a strong man in the slot, swift passers on the wings—for scoring plays, and zone-type defensive tactics. These are somewhat complicated, of course, by the fact that the soccer balls are seldom going in the same direction.

Two things are constant: rank has no privileges, and small men are among the fiercest competitors. In one game a barrel-chested, bespectacled sergeant, directing an offensive thrust, bawled orders at a whippet-fast, beagle-sized forward—his commanding officer. In another, a balding Filipino slashed like a machete at the defenders of the enemy goal. In one of the hardest-fought games a 155-pound, straw-haired rookie drove through a dozen tacklers to slam home the winning goal. A 43-year-old black goalie was asked if he didn't feel a bit too old for the game. "Hell, no," he said, "I run three miles every morning in 17 minutes."

Frequently the most savage contests are between companies of a single bat-

talion. This was the case when Alpha and Bravo companies of the 1st Battalion, 14th Infantry, squared off. The battalion had just returned from a month of intensive training in the saddle between the slopes of Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa on the big island of Hawaii. It had been a month of 12-hour simulated combat days, attacks on cliffs and bunkers, forced marches in cold rain and high winds. So in the soft sunshine of Schofield, the men were spoiling for the real thing. For the first 15 minutes nobody scored; but just before the halftime whistle, a player rose in the air before the Bravo goal, the soccer ball held in one hand like a baseball. He whipped it past a Bravo goalie. In the second half the Bravos, furious to even the score, forgot about strategy and began assailing the Alpha goal 20 to 25 strong. It was a mistake. Again and again the red-shirted Alphas kicked or threw the ball far down the field and slipped it past the almost deserted goalies. The final score was 5-0 Alpha, and, amazingly enough, everybody was able to walk off the field.

The general had come out to see the game, as he often does when particularly fierce confrontations are in prospect. He obviously was pleased, not only at the dedication and ferocity of play but at the stamina and resilience of the competitors. Obviously Alpha company would be a strong contender for the division championship, to be decided during a visit of Army Chief of Staff General Fred Weyand. Brooks was asked if Weyand might extend combat football to the rest of the Army. "We've already had inquiries from the First Cavalry at Fort Hood in Texas and from the Fifth Corps in Europe," the general said. "Naturally, I can't predict what General Weyand will think of it." Then Brooks flashed what must be one of the most charismatic smiles in the armed forces. "But if it was up to me," he said, "I would."

Standing beside General Brooks was Lieut. Colonel William L. Shackleford, commander of the First Battalion, 14th Infantry, whose two companies had just engaged in the organized mayhem. A 16-year Army veteran and a former ranger, Colonel Shackleford said, "You know, I'm from Green Bay, a town you may have heard of. I'll bet if Vince Lombardi had been here today, he'd be grinning, too. Just like the general." It was a bet nobody was about to take. **END**

A designated disadvantage

Although Cincy allows no DHs on its Triple A Indianapolis team, the Indians lead in their division with stingy pitching and scraggy hitting

Robert Howsam, the chubbily-checked president of the Cincinnati Reds, is foremost among those who feel that if God and Abner Doubleday had wanted designated hitters in their box scores, they would have said so. Howsam prefers the game as it is still played in the National League and in five of the 18 minor leagues. "It isn't good for baseball," he says of the rule that has turned many pitchers' bats into kindling. "It doesn't allow the full development of pitchers, it prevents relievers from getting as much work as they need and it hinders the development of minor-league managers."

As a result of Howsam's opposition, the four Reds' farm clubs competing in DH leagues do not use designated hitters. "I'm surprised that other National League teams have not demanded the same," he says.

The reasons they have not are explained by Bill Schweppe, the Dodgers' minor-league director. "We think it's more important to develop hitters, especially at the lower levels," Schweppe says. "Anytime you sacrifice on one end you hope to gain on the other. We also feel that it's in our interest to keep our minor-league teams competitive with the ones they are playing."

In reply Howsam could do no better than point to the success of the Reds' Triple A club in Indianapolis, which has a four-game lead in the Eastern Division of the American Association. Last week the Indians defeated Western Division leader Denver in three of five games, one a 3-1 victory in which Pitcher Tom Hume slapped two singles and drove in a run. The outcome of the series was significant because Denver's powerful hitting had given the Bears five wins in their previous six games with Indianapolis.

"Though I agree with Howsam about the rule I think it's unfair to make his minor-league teams compete without DHs," says Denver General Manager Jen Burris. "But I'll say this: he hasn't

been wrong many times, and if Indianapolis manages to win the pennant, he's going to be a hard man to live with."

If the Indians do not win their general manager, Max Schumacher, will know the reason why. "I think playing without a designated hitter could cost us as many as 10 games over the course of the season," he says. "It's not something you can measure day by day, but overall it's a definite disadvantage. When we used designated hitters last year they averaged .264 and we won the division. We're next to last in hitting this season, so we could use that kind of help. If we didn't have the best pitching in the league we wouldn't be where we are right now."

The Indianapolis pitchers have responded to the challenge in two ways, by limiting designated hitters to a .234 average (compared to the overall league mark of .262) and by hitting a passable .167 themselves. This is not a bad average, considering that at home they take no more than eight to 10 batting practice swings a day. On the road only the starter hits before a game.

Even unlimited batting practice might not help Pat Zachry, who has the dual distinction of being the league's best pitcher, with a 7-3 record and a 2.32 ERA, and its worst hitter—he is oh for April, May, June and half of July.

Zachry, age 23, is a tall, tobacco-chewing righthander from Waco, Texas who says he would not mind pitching against himself every day. "We've adjusted to not having the DH," Zachry said last week after running his hitless streak to 24 at bats. "We just have to suck it up and go get 'em. The DH doesn't bother me as long as I'm getting the other eight hitters out."

No one appreciates this attitude more than Manager Vern Rapp, a former catcher weathered by 27 years of playing and managing in the minors. Rapp feels that if he has a problem it is not the lack of a designated hitter but his own

failure to reach the majors. The winner of five division titles and three Manager of the Year awards, including two of each in Indianapolis, he cannot help wondering "what it takes to be recognized. Obviously I'm lacking something in the opinion of others or I'd have made it some time ago."

Rapp's players say that he lacks nothing, that he has been held back by his excellent record for developing minor-league talent. "Vern is very gang bho," says Pitcher Duck Buney. "He preaches positive thinking. Take this designated hitter situation. He makes us believe we can win no matter what. He doesn't want us thinking about it. He says if there's worrying to be done he'll do it."

In the 89-year history of the Indianapolis team none of Rapp's predecessors, including Al Lopez and Birdie Tebbetts, had ever been encumbered by a similar disadvantage. But last week, as Rapp sat within the ivy-covered brick walls of Bush Stadium, he refused to cop a plea. "I'm an optimist," he said. "Early in the season, when we lost eight of 11 games, I didn't think about it once. Baseball isn't designed for the player who can only hit. It's for the player who does everything. Managers with the DH tend to get lazy. I know I did last year. You don't have



AS A HITTER ZACHRY IS OH FOR 1976

to make as many decisions. Do I leave the pitcher in or take him out? Do I bunt? Do I use a pinch hitter? With a DH, you don't worry so much about these things. People want me to say I'm at a disadvantage, but I don't feel that way."

Schumacher disagrees, and compares Rapp's dilemma to a man who must play straight poker in a game where deuces are wild. But the general manager can afford to oppose Howsam, since he is paid by the Indianapolis stockholders while Rapp is an employee of the Reds.

Not surprisingly, Schumacher tends to accentuate the negative and Rapp the positive. The former talks of a 1-0 loss to Omaha in which the designated hitter delivered a homer, and the latter counters by discussing a 2-0 win over Iowa in which Zachry squeezed in one of the runs.

Pitchers enjoy batting in much the same way that defensive linemen savor those rare opportunities to run with a recovered fumble. "The DH takes all the fun out of playing," says reliever Joe Henderson, a converted outfielder with two doubles and a home run among his four hits.

Fun or not, the Indianapolis pitchers acknowledge their handicap, even if their manager refuses to. Reliever Bruce Taylor, an unbeaten submariner, misses the "security" a DH would provide. Lorin Grow, a skinny lefthander, does not like being pulled for a pinch hitter in a game eventually won by a reliever.

Grow did not need a pinch hitter against Denver last week, winning 10-3 and scratching out an infield hit. "You scragged that one," the first-base coach told him as he slipped into his warmup jacket. Grow did not mind. When you are batting only .090, even the scraggs look good.

THE WEEK

(July 6-12)

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

AL EAST Detroit's Joe Coleman did his best to disprove one proverb: "Haste makes waste"—and Tom Walker attempted to substantiate another, Samuel Johnson's "Self-confidence is the first requisite to great undertakings." Coleman abandoned his lethargic, head-

down walks between the mound and dugout in favor of trotting back and forth. He also shucked his slow-motion pitching delivery for a speedier one. A 12-time loser who had dropped seven in a row at his old pace, Coleman won his second straight since hurrying up when he rushed past the White Sox 3-0. Walker changed after being scolded by his wife Carolyn for having "no confidence." "She was completely right," he says. "I decided the next time to walk out there confident but not cocky." Thus emboldened, he polished off Chicago 2-1. Mickey Lolich picked up his 10th victory, John Hiller his 10th and 11th saves and Lerrin LaGrew defeated Milwaukee 11-2 and K.C. 2-0. With that kind of pitching and the hitting of Willie Horton (.484) and Ron LeFlore (.412), the slumbering Tigers (7-1) arose. Six straight wins increased their streak to nine and boosted them for one day into a tie for fifth place.

Cleveland (3-6) won its last two games to regain sole possession of fifth place. Boog Powell upped his home run total to 15 with three blasts, one coming before the majors' largest crowd of the season (59,161) as the Tribe rallied from five runs down to defeat the Red Sox 11-10.

Boston (7-1) pitchers continued to be hammered and gave up 49 runs. But Sox sluggers more than made up for that as they produced 65 runs and hit .314. Not even a 7-1 deficit against the Twins was too much for them to overcome. They took that game 9-8 with Cecil Cooper hitting a pinch homer in the ninth and Jim Rice driving in the winning run with a double. There were decisive bats in the ninth inning of two other games, Cooper getting one in an 8-7 victory over Texas and Fred Lynn delivering the other to upend Minnesota 6-5. Although he had just 18 at bats, Lynn had nine RBIs to go with his .556 hitting. Rice added 10 RBIs and Bernie Carbo had seven and scored eight times. Bob Hene, filling in at third base while Roco Petrocelli underwent eye tests, hit .370 and drove in seven runs. Bill Lee and Rick Wise both won their 10th games and Luis Tiant his 12th.

Despite some unusual hitting by Al Bumbry and Mark Belanger, Baltimore (3-3) lost ground. Bumbry beat out three bunts in a 7-3 victory at California. Ken Singleton, who is hitting .360 on the road and .228 at home, led off that game with a homer, the first given up by the Angels in 64½ innings. Belanger, who had had only seven RBIs all season, drove in two runs in an earlier 8-5 defeat of California, then socked his first home run of the year as Mike Torrez stifled the A's 4-0 with a four-hitter.

Jim Slaton of Milwaukee beat Kansas City 4-3 and Chicago 3-4, each time receiving three innings of scoreless relief from Eduardo Rodriguez. That helped the Brewers (3-4)

hold off the Yankees (4-3) and retain second place. Catfish Hunter won his 12th game for New York and Bobby Bonds hit his 20th home run.

BOX 46-37 MIL 46-41 NY 45-41
BALT 41-42 CLEV 36-48 DET 36-47

AL WEST California (2-4) Manager Dick Williams, concerned that his outfielders were not getting a good jump on fly balls, had TV cameras placed beyond the fences to record their moves. It seemed like a good idea, especially after Mickey Rivers and Dave Collins collided while chasing a fly and let it roll away for a two-run inside-the-park homer that led to a 5-3 loss to Cleveland. Following the game Williams anxiously waited to see the tape so he could figure out what went wrong. Then came the news: the cameramen had missed the play. But another miss turned out just fine. It came when rookie John Balaz did not see a "take" sign, swung away and doubled in two runs. "At least he was eager," Williams said. Williams himself was eager about getting Nolan Ryan back in rotation after a groin pull. But his enthusiasm undoubtedly waned when Ryan, 10-3 in early June, was pounded for 17 runs in 17½ innings and lost twice. His record is now 10-9.

Kansas City had better luck with its video system. Dennis Leonard, a rookie right-hander, watched himself on tape and "discovered" I was keeping my left shoulder up and my right shoulder down. It should be the reverse. I was pitching with my arm instead of my whole body." Pitching as he should, Leonard dispatched the Brewers 9-1. But even with George Brett hitting .414 the Royals lost five of seven.

Oakland (4-2) was the only Western team with a winning record. Jim Perry won twice, Ken Holtzman earned his 10th victory and Dick Bosman stopped the Indians for the third time in the seven weeks since they traded him. With a 7½-game bulge over the Royals, about the only worry the A's had was Claudell Washington, who underwent medical examinations after mysteriously passing out twice. Although tests indicated Washington may have a heart disorder, he was back in uniform the next day.

Minnesota (2-6) lost its first five games, sagged briefly into the cellar, then climbed out by bouncing the Yankees 6-3 and 11-1.

With the Rangers 14½ games back, Owner Brad Corbett talked about going "with the kids." But Manager Billy Martin insisted, "I've never been a quitter and I'm not about to start now." Despite nine homers and shutouts by Ferguson Jenkins and Gaylord Perry, Texas dropped five of eight games.

Because of the excessive heat in Kansas City, Shortstop Bucky Dent of Chicago

continued

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

BASEBALL continued

poured ice water over his feet between innings of a 9-3 win. For most of the week, the rest of the White Sox played as if they were all wet. Their only victories in six tries were registered by Claude Osteen, who won his third and fourth consecutive games since Pitching Coach Johnny Sain taught him to throw a quicker curve.

OAK 54-32 KC 41-40 CHi 39-45
TEX 41-48 MINN 39-48 CAL 40-50

NL WEST For the most part it was all quiet on the Western front. Except in Cincinnati. Booming home runs (three by Tony Perez), one a 420-footer) and crackling line drives (the Reds hit 107) pushed Cincy 11 1/2 lengths ahead of the Dodgers. The bullpen was superb in 23 1/2 innings Reds relievers yielded just 13 hits and three runs as they saved five games and won two. Will McEnaney notched his ninth and 10th saves and stretched his string of innings without allowing an earned run to 22. While the Reds (7-0) ran their latest victory streak to nine, Manager Sparky Anderson said, "There's no way we can lose this thing. We can only give it away."

In L.A. the silence was almost funeral. The Dodgers (3-3) missed they were not out of the race because most of their injured players were healed. Doug Rian defeated the Giants 5-1 with a three-hitter and Don Sutton cooked off the Pirates 3-0 for his 13th victory. But then came more casualties: recently reactivated Leftfielder Bill Buckner hurt his good leg, Catcher Steve Yeager bruised his back and Second Baseman Dave Lopes strained a muscle.

Nor was there much to shout about in San Diego (2-5) and San Francisco (1-5). Fred Kendall of the Padres was averaging .187 and had been 1 for 19 when he evoked a few cheers with a two-run single in the 15th to defeat the Cubs 3-6. The Giants' only win was 6-4 over the Cardinals.

General Manager Spec Richardson was fired after eight years in office, even though the Astros had a rare winning week. They came from two runs down to beat the Braves 6-2 and made up three runs against the Expos to win their second extra-inning game of the year 4-3 as Cesar Cedeno drove in the winning run in the 10th. Wilbur Howard got a firm hold on the starting job in left field by continuing his fine fielding and hot hitting. He has averaged .373 the past month.

In Atlanta the bench jockeys were quiet as Carl Morton of the Braves defeated the Expos 9-4 for his 10th victory. Morton said he no longer gets a big kick out of solidifying his former 1970 teammates, because Montreal Manager Gene Mauch and Coach Dave Bristol no longer shoot at him while he is on the mound. "I say sound out if it ain't work," says Morton. It certainly did not. Morton is 7-1 against the Expos in the three

seasons since they traded him. Reliever Tom House picked up a win with a minimum of effort. House, who hustled only one-third of an inning, came out on top when a 10th-inning single by Earl Williams finished off the Expos 2-1.

CIN 50-39 LA 49-41 SF 40-47
SD 46-49 ATL 38-49 HOUS 33-59

NL EAST "A groove like this is something you dream about," said Greg Luzinski of the Phillies (15-3). During the past four weeks he has hit 13 home runs and had 35 RBIs to lead the majors in both categories (25 and 78). Last week he batted .522, hit three homers and drove in 10 runs. Two of his homers came in games at Houston to help Larry Christenson and Steve Carlton muffle the Astros 2-1 and 14-2 on a five-bitter and four-bitter.

The Pirates were also in a groove. Leading the assault, which included an 18-12 lobbing of the Cubs, were Willie Stargell (.900, 12 RBIs, 10 runs, four HRs), Manny Sanguillen (.429), Dave Parker (.412) and Al Oliver (.361). Jerry Reuss won his 10th game, rookie John Candelaria beat San Diego 5-0 and the bullpen had five saves. Pitcher Bob Moose was put on the disabled list after slamming a door on his thumb. No sweat. The Pirates virtually slammed the door on the rest of the division, winning seven of eight and taking a 6½-game lead over the Phillies.

New York swept three games in Atlanta but lost in its four other tries. Strong pitching by Hank Webb, Jerry Koosman and Tom Seaver, plus a pair of homers by both Dave Kingman and Rusty Staub, made winners of the Mets. Montreal dropped five of seven, including one game in which six errors handed Atlanta a 2-1 win. Chicago lost its first four games and won its final three. Ray Burris defeated the Padres 3-1 with the help of Rick Monday's game-saving catch in the ninth.

Cardinal fans were so irate after Dodger Manager Walt Alston did not name reliever Al Hrabosky to his All-Star squad that 32,000 of them showed up for an impromptu Hrabosky Hbanner Hday. Fitously, Hrabosky pitched two hitless innings that afternoon and was credited with the win. That left him with a 4-2 record, 14 saves and a 1.34 ERA. "This has been the greatest day of my life," Hrabosky said after Reggie Smith had tied the game 1-1 with a homer in the ninth and Bake McBride won it with a pinch hit as the 10th. St. Louis (13-3) got a shutout from John Denny and .550 hitting from Ted Simmons, but Bob Gibson (2-8, 5.12 ERA) was relegated to the bullpen after being hit hard again.

PIT 55-32 PHIL 46-39 NY 43-45
ST. L. 41-44 CIN 42-47 MONT 35-47



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The big mind-bogglers in golf are not whether Jack Nicklaus exhales on his downswing or Johnny Miller dabs a rinse on his hair—or even whose caddy swings a club foot in the rough. The real imponderables have to do with the survival of such tournaments as the Greater Milwaukee Open and the Quad Cities, a pair of events that, like science-fiction creatures, refuse to die.

Both have been repeatedly beaten, abused, stomped on and left for the morticians. But on each occasion their indomitable officials have bound up their wounds and made ready to jump off the cliff once again. GMO and Quad Cities—they sound as if they come with or without radicals as standard equipment.

The tournaments are scheduled the week before and the week of the British Open, and most of the better-known professionals stay away. While the lords of pro golf were at Carnoustie for most of the last two weeks, the peasants were quietly making their way through the GMO and the Quad Cities for \$210,000 in total prize money. The humble entry lists read like random selections from the telephone book. At Milwaukee two weeks ago, just 10 of the top 40 money-winners showed up. Last week at Quad Cities, where the course is surrounded by cornfields and modest rural homes in which a man might feel comfortable with a tractor parked in the front yard, only four of the top 50 and 20 of the top 100 players appeared. It isn't the prize money; the nut of the problem is that a tour star can *mark* a good showing in Britain, whereas even if he wins Quad Cities, that won't sell a single one of his golf clubs in a Hong Kong pro shop.

The local bigwigs keep trying. Last year Milwaukee officials changed their dates so the tournament would end on Saturday and hired helicopters to fly players to Chicago's O'Hare Airport so they could catch a flight to Britain for an extra day of practice. Of the big names, only Lee Trevino showed up, but his presence helped boost attendance by almost 20,000.

This year GMO officials sent out letters to scores of players and token gifts such as gourmet cookbooks to their wives. They showed up at four tournaments to recruit names. One obscure young pro, Jim Wittenberg, sent a thank-you note saying he'd be delighted to come. The GMO people were so thrilled they gave Wittenberg a sponsor's exemp-

Catch-22 on the tour

The Quad Cities and GMO both have this little problem: survival

tion, meaning he didn't have to qualify, and paid for his motel room and meals. But most of the stars stayed away, and attendance plummeted. "You put all of the work in and one of the big names says he won't come, and it breaks your heart," says Ken Thelen, the tournament chairman. Thelen labored so industriously for the GMO that he could not find time to play golf himself for almost six weeks. Three days after the tournament, he was making plans for next year. "We've got the July Fourth weekend," he said enthusiastically. "It's the Bicentennial celebration. I'll have all the workers dressed in red, white and blue, put up signs and..."

The first GMO was played in 1968 for a purse of \$200,000—and lost \$78,000. Since then, even with a lot of help from private industry (Allis-Chalmers has been a major sponsor), the event has struggled to pay its bills and find some loose change to donate to community charities. This year the GMO was played for \$135,000, and officials were delighted when U.S. Open champion Lou Graham and one of his challengers at Medinah, Frank Beard, entered. GMO publicity trumpeted that Graham was one of six U.S. Open champions in the field, but Graham missed the cut and so did Beard, and for the most part spectators were watching people like Jack Fleck and Ed Furgol. The only top name to do well was Dave Hill, who finished fourth. Veteran Ari Wall, a star on the circuit 16 years ago, shot three straight 67s to win. His "comeback" at age 51 provided an unexpected fresher of publicity. And even Wall's presence had as much to do with baseball as golf. Bob Kalupa, a GMO director, looked him up at the Byron Nelson tournament in Dallas and asked him if he would play Milwaukee.

"Are the Brewers in town?" asked

Wall. Assured that they were, Wall said he would be, too. He was one of a myriad of golden oldies who played. Sam Snead was there. In 1968 Snead finished second in the GMO and won \$24,000—and that, at the time, was the biggest paycheck of his career.

Both the GMO and the Quad Cities would be successful if they could get new dates so that they would not have to huck the British Open. On the other hand, they would not need new dates if they could get some quality players. But they can't get the players without the new dates. It's the Catch-22 of golf.

As recently as seven weeks ago the Quad Cities was on the verge of cancellation. A press release to that effect had been printed and was ready for distribution when PGA Commissioner Deane Beman saved the event by allowing the prize money to be dropped from \$125,000 to \$75,000. Beman may have a fond spot for the Quad Cities: he is its all-time leading money-winner with \$28,250, winning it in 1971 and 1972. He also won the GMO in 1970.

The local Jaycees took over running the tournament this year after its major sponsor dropped out. They dubbed it the Ed McMahon Quad Cities Open when the TV star agreed to be co-host. McMahon arrived on the scene Friday, explained that next year he hoped to encourage some celebrities to participate in the pro-am feature and stayed to present the winner, one Roger Maltbie, with the first-place check of \$15,000.

The Quad Cities are on the Rock Island Line and largely obscure. The Jaycees had hoped that the tournament would help identify the four towns of the area: Bettendorf and Davenport in Iowa and Moline and Rock Island in Illinois. Early in the week they were optimistic. "Not everybody can have Jack Nicklaus and Gary Player," said honorary chairman Bob McGriff. "We have Sam Snead and Doug Sanders." Cliff Montgomery, a co-chairman, said, "Our main objective this year was just to hold the thing together and not lose our shirts." Then the attendance figures rolled in. On opening day less than 4,000 fans showed at Oakwood Country Club. A total of 21,000 attended in all. The crowd at the one-day pro-am before February's Jackie Gleason Inverrary Tournament was 41,720. Johnny Carson himself would have trouble matching that figure on the Rock Island Line.

END

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Rookie pro Billy Martin will seem very familiar to Connors watchers

He doubles in brash

If imitation, however coincidental, is the sincerest form of flattery, then Jimmy Connors' greatest admirer must be Billy Martin, the youngest and newest gypsy on the professional tennis tour. Martin has yet to jilt Chris Evert, sue Arthur Ashe or offer himself as a human sacrifice to Bill Rorland, but should any of these events occur, he and Connors—also an Illinois-born, California-developed NCAA champion and UCLA freshman dropout—will seem all but indistinguishable. Their remarkable similarities extend beyond background to include temperament, playing style and mannerisms.

Both players are hypercompetitive, battling opponents, linesmen and themselves with equal passion. Both depend on a stinging two-handed backhand, a strong overhead and an automatic service return. Both bounce the ball alternately before serving and nervously blow into their racket hands—Connors' left, Martin's right—when play stops. And because one has achieved what the other still dreams of, Martin could not

have been more pleased when Glenn Bassett, who coached them both in their single seasons at UCLA, recently called Billy the superior college player. "It's nice to know that I'm on the right track," says Martin.

Despite his blond hair, blue eyes and almost angelic appearance, Martin has always been something of a tennis bully, picking on kids who weren't his size. But invariably his victims have been bigger, older and more experienced. At 11 he was defeating the country's best 12-year-olds. At 12 and 13 he was whipping the 14-year-olds. At 14 the 16-year-olds, and at 16 the 18-year-olds. Now, a few months younger than the other *Hunderkumler* of tennis, Bjorn Borg and Martina Navratilova, he has signed a contract with Mark McCormack's organization and departed the chaperoned circuit forever—taking with him two Junior Wimbledon titles (1973-74), another pair of Junior Forest Hills championships (1973-74) and an 18-1 intercollegiate record.

Martin made his professional debut two weeks ago in Birmingham, Ala. and lost in the quarterfinals. But last February, while still an amateur, he won the Arkansas International in Little Rock (coincidentally after Connors had dropped out with an injury).

Billy shrugs when asked about the decision to turn pro at 18 and says, "It's no big deal." Dominating age-group tennis, competing at Forest Hills at the unprecedented age of 15, winning the NCAA title, becoming a pro five days later—these were all measured steps in a carefully paced career. "I like records. They give me something to strive for," he says, "but I'm not going to be the best player out there the first year. Mainly I want to gain experience and improve my game without worrying whether I win every match." Even so, Martin expects to win often enough to improve his national ranking from an outdated 22nd to "between 10 and 15 next year."

Martin's tennis career began taking shape 10 years ago, about the time his parents let his older sister Carol use the family court privilege at a club in River Forest, Ill. and suggested that 8-year-old Billy find another interest. "This denial turned him toward tennis," says his father Bill. That, despite the handicap of Midwestern winters when Billy had to shovel snow off the court. In a few years father and son were practicing before Dad went to work, and on Saturdays Bil-

ly was up before dawn to participate in a junior development program in Chicago.

In 1971, the family moved to Palos Verdes, Calif., where the blend of good weather, facilities, coaches and competition enhanced the chances of a young tennis player who wants to be No. 1 in the world within "three or four years."

"Borg has already proven that a player as young as I am can be one of the best," Martin says. "Sometimes, when I get tired, I think about how much he's accomplished."

"Martin drives himself harder than anyone I've ever seen," says Coach Bassett. "He makes like every point a match point at Wimbledon. At times he can be so intense and so excited it's a liability." It is this same determination, however, that has prevented him from ever losing after a match-point advantage.

"Everybody wants to win," Martin says. "It's the guys who don't want to lose who are the most successful. Those are the ones who work the hardest. My forehand and backhand volleys aren't as good as some players', or as good as they will be. Wanting to do well makes up for a lot. Unless you're in over your head, 80%, to 90%, of your matches are won in practice. You have to make it hurt. When I work hard, I play a lot better. It makes me feel like I'm catching up, that I'm coming in through the back door while everybody else is asleep."

Martin is confident he can succeed on his own, that his resourcefulness will see him through, if outside forces, particularly linesmen, do not interfere. "Tennis is my life," he says. "I've put enough into it that I don't want to be cheated out of anything by a bad call. That's also why I don't like team sports. Losing because someone else blew it would tee me off."

Bassett sees two weaknesses in Martin's game, his serve and his temperament. Billy himself admits, "I've had matches where my temper hurt me. I can be horrible to be around after a loss."

Martin chooses not to contemplate the possibility of failure. "When I think that I might not achieve a goal I've set," he says, "I throw the idea out of my mind. I don't even think about it. If it turns out that I'm just another player, I don't know how I'll take it."

After a pause he adds, "If I don't make it, at least I'll know I put everything I had into it."

In that respect, too, Billy Martin is much like Jimmy Connors. **END**

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When the New York Cosmos assembled some \$4.5 million to lure Pelé out of retirement, many critics felt that the investment was about as sound as, say, a stock flyer in the 1974 World Football League. Although Pelé is considered the best player in soccer history and is lionized around the world, he was little known in the U.S. Often as not, his name was pronounced peel, as in lemon, and nobody in his proper mind would have dreamed that in a few short weeks Pelé (pay-lay) would be as well known as Namath (nay-muth).

But now, after Pelé's first national tour with his new teammates, that \$4.5 million looks like a bargain. In Boston, Washington, Los Angeles, Seattle and Vancouver he broke attendance records. In Boston an ecstatic, affectionate crowd mobbed him after he had scored a goal, slightly injuring his ankle while trying to take away his shoes for souvenirs. In Washington, 35,620 turned out to watch him play, the biggest crowd ever to see a North American Soccer League game. (A few nights later only 2,140 were on hand for a game not featuring Pelé.) In tiny El Camino Junior College stadium in Los Angeles the turnout was a capacity 12,176. The Seattle Sounders' small stadium bulged with 17,925 fans, and in Vancouver—where the Cosmos played an exhibition against the Whitecaps—a record 26,495 trooped in.

On each occasion Pelé provided a dazzling show. He may have lost a bit of the speed that helped Brazil to three World Cup championships, but the shots he took were often ground-to-goal missiles and his passes were feathery and accurate. Working hard to upgrade a team composed of players inferior to those he is accustomed to, Pelé occasionally seemed like Jascha Heifetz playing an out-of-tune violin, but it was still a virtuoso effort.

Unlike many virtuosos, however, Pelé was obviously no prima donna. In the modern sports era of the overpaid egoist, he is unfailingly gracious, charming and patient.

On the tour of the West Coast the Cosmos played three games in five days, so rest and privacy were precious. But Pelé devoted his few leisure moments to press conferences, parties and interviews. He answered the same questions endlessly and without petulance, giving the same thoughtful consideration to each questioner. He worked hard on improving his

Yes, it'll play in Peoria

Not to mention Los Angeles, Seattle and anywhere the Cosmos take their road show, all because Pelé has put a new kick in the game

new language, answering in English when he could, otherwise through an interpreter. And Pelé led off each postgame conference with a fulsome critique of the team he had just played against.

In Los Angeles the Cosmos lost 5-1 to a fired-up Aztec team. Pelé, who does not relish playing on artificial surfaces, made no excuses. "The way Los Angeles played tonight," he said, "I think they could have beaten West Germany [the current World Cup champion]. But then

I think I may have created more problems for the Cosmos. Every team we play wants to beat the Cosmos more because of me—and they play much better. And I have not had the training I need with the team yet. But we are going to play better together."

Pelé repeatedly denied he came out of retirement for the \$4.5 million. "I could have had that much money to play in many places," he said. "In Brazil, probably. But this is where I could do the most

continued





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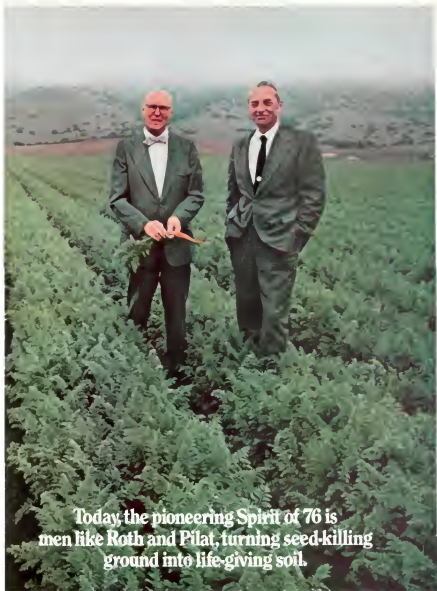
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SOCCER *continued*

for soccer. Already it is not the same as when I came here for exhibitions with Santos [his Brazilian team]. I see boys in Central Park and on the streets of New York kicking the ball. Here, I can help."

Pelé is adjusting to his new team more slowly than expected because of the artificial surfaces. All three fields on the Western tour were variations of AstroTurf. In Seattle the problems were compounded by heat. "The ball does not run the same," Pelé said. "And today I felt like my feet were on fire. But I noticed that the Seattle team used different shoes, so I will try those shoes when we play in Vancouver. And it will be at night there, so the heat will not be so bad. Here the artificial surface gets very hot, my feet were blistered all around the edges and I was very tired after the game. I do not tire so easily. But then I am only in 78% of my best condition, too." (It came out 78% through the interpreter. Later, Pelé said he had meant to say 70 to 80%.)

On the artificial surfaces, otherwise delicate passes slid by Pelé's teammates and the ball bounced too high and was difficult to control. Seattle won 2-0, and Pelé was given a yellow warning card by an official for the first time, an admonition he accepted with good grace, as usual.

"I was explaining to the referee that I had pushed my man off the ball with my shoulder," he said, pushing a questioner with his shoulder to demonstrate. "That is all right. I did not use my hands, which is not all right. So he took out the yellow card and booked me."

"What did the referee say to you?"

"He said to be quiet," Pelé answered. He grinned. "So I went back to play."

At the Edgewater Hotel in Seattle, Pelé used a free afternoon to fish from the balcony of his room, three stories above the harbor. The hotel manager provided a fishing rod and a bucket of salmon fillets for bait, and almost immediately Pelé hooked a small sand shark, which he hauled, wriggling, up to the balcony. A teammate bashed in its head with a table leg and Pelé cast again. This time he hooked a larger shark, which broke the line just as he got it up to the balcony.

"Fishing I like very much," he said. "And baseball. When I was a little boy in Basuru in Brazil, my father was a baseball coach. So maybe I should have played baseball?"

He was asked about the referee who

continued

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had warned him and he shrugged. "I believe the referee made a mistake," he said. "But referees make mistakes all over the world. That was not the important thing. The important thing was the people of Seattle. They were a beautiful audience and they read the game very well. And Seattle is a very good team, the best team we have played against, I think."

By now, West Germany was the third-best team in the world, behind Los Angeles and Seattle.

In the Seattle game, Pelé had been marked heavily, often violently, but he still had no complaints. "It was a normal game," he said. "It wasn't rough. They played high balls because they are taller than we are and maybe it looked violent, but it was normal. They play the European style and they are very fair."

The Cosmos won in Vancouver in a game that did not count in the league table. On a cooler surface, wearing tennis shoes he had borrowed from the Seattle team, Pelé seemed much more in control

of the ball than before. "I will be trying things differently," he said before the game. "I do not like this surface, but I must play on it."

In the 2-1 victory, Pelé set up one goal with a perfect pass and began to mesh better with his teammates. In time, Hefetz will tune the violin.

At a cocktail party given by one of the Vancouver owners, a group of Whitecap players watched Pelé socializing with the guests—until he noticed them and walked around the pool to speak to them. For the next two hours he talked soccer with the rival players, freely giving advice, recalling the time he played against one of them in Scotland.

"He loves to talk like that," a Cosmos official said. "He never gets tired of doing it."

Last Wednesday, the Cosmos were back home for a crucial game against Boston, which had moved into the Northern Division lead. Pelé rallied his crew to a 3-1 victory, restoring the Cos-

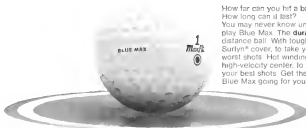
mos to first place. More than 18,000 fans came out in the face of thunderstorms, traffic tie-ups and the dim lighting system on Randall's Island, the home pitch. Clearly, Pelé is paying his way.

The Cosmos have boosted their office staff from seven to 20 to handle a rush of season-ticket sales, and they get half of the proceeds above the average pre-Pelé gross gate for road games—but there's no way the club can come up with \$4.5 million on NASL gate receipts alone.

"They will make up more on European tours after the season," says Phil Woosnam, the league commissioner. "They will draw capacity in big parks all over Europe."

And, of course, the Cosmos can take a tax loss on any remaining deficit at the end of the year, which should reduce the difference even more. But Pelé is worth all they paid him just as a goodwill ambassador for soccer. And as a breath of fresh air in professional sports. **END**

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The Chesapeake is a bay of plenty, its sky crisscrossed by strings of geese, its tides churning with fish and crabs,

its marshes stalked by silent stately birds. Here two views are woven into one: a rich tapestry of a singular locale

by **ROBERT H. BOYLE** and **MARK KRAM**



CONTINUED

The name Chesapeake comes from the Algonquin word *K'che-sepi-ack*, "country on a great river." In fact, Chesapeake Bay is a tidal estuary where fresh water from the land meets salt water from the sea. Estuaries are unbelievably rich in life, and Chesapeake Bay is the largest and most valuable estuary in the United States. But it is something else, too—acre for acre the most productive body of water in the world. Lefty Kreh, who is the outdoor columnist for the *Baltimore Sun* and a leading angling authority, says, "Last summer charter boats carrying four men, fishing no more than five hours in the bay, regularly returned with 500 to 600 pounds of bluefish."

The Chesapeake yields an average of 125 pounds of seafood per acre per year to sports and commercial fishermen. Its

closest rival, the Sea of Azov in southern Russia—the estuary of the River Don—once produced 71 pounds of seafood per acre per year, but that was before part of the flow of the Don was diverted for irrigation in the 1950s. To biologists, the Chesapeake is "the queen of estuaries." There is no king.

The Chesapeake drains a watershed of 74,000 square miles—parts of New York, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Virginia, Delaware and all of Maryland. Almost two dozen major rivers empty into it, one being the Susquehanna, the biggest river on the East Coast of the U.S. Running south from the mouth of the Susquehanna to the Atlantic Ocean at Cape Henry, Va., the bay is 180 miles long and from five to 30 miles wide. Its surface covers 4,300 square miles, but its average depth is only 27.6 feet. The shoreline, which zigzags and zags and zigs again, is 4,500 miles long. Its astounding length and shallowness result from the fact that the Chesapeake is a drowned river.

When you grow up near a large body of water like the bay, life for a young boy is not the same as it is in a place where there is none. For the water speaks of passage, of exotic distance, the darkness of exploration, all of which are difficult to hear behind a jackass and a plow engulfed by miles and miles of confusing land; something else might be heard, or felt, but it is not the call of water in back of your door. Even so, great leaps of imagination could not obscure the fact that the shabbiest part of the bay lapped up against those Baltimore streets: sick-brown water with a surface of slime and maledor; steel mills and shipyards, nightmarish castles of noise and deadly ritual standing on its banks; the endless trail of long barges moving like legless roaches, and the freighters without the sparkle that the open sea would give them. It was not much, this perspective of the bay, but now it seems to have been better than none at all.

The true wonders of this water seemed far away; there were only the words and the still lifes that attested to their existence: fresh fish from the regal blue to the lowly cod resting in giant bins of ice at the fish market; bushels of squinting crabs ready for the steaming pot, the sea grass still twisted in their claws; ducks and geese, just downed, hanging in the windows of the corner stores; and the constant talk of men, sitting on their steps next to pails of draft beer, telling of past and future expeditions to secret places.

And then there was the weather of the bay, perfect for murder, with its winters of fog and dampness, dispiriting in the summer caught in the vise of cement and row houses. Summers dropped on the psyche and body like heavy, wet rope, beginning with the first glare of morning. The sidewalk trees seemed to beg for a wind, portending what the day would be for the aaaa-rabs who yelled their way through the twisting alleys with their horses and wagons filled with everything from watermelons to corn on the cob, for the stevedores who would stagger back from the docks like weary fighters looking for their corners. If you were young, there were several exits from the heat: go to the end of a pier and try to catch a breeze, all the while thinking of the cold chill of Norway as one of its merchant ships coasted by; scratch enough pennies together to buy a cold watermelon, and then split it against a fire hydrant before burying your face in its cold red heart; or go visit the sailmaker up in his loft, with the hope of an odd job.

He was a tenuous man and surely one of the last of his kind. The loft was quiet and cool, with a wooden floor that was shiny and smooth from the years of having massive canvas pulled across it. He had always done most of his work by hand with waxed thread and



needles. But now he had a good sewing machine, the thought of which brought a wry smile to his face, because he knew that soon his trade would be useless in the face of progress. Men like him would only be needed to equip the oyster boats, which by law still operated under sail. Since the decline of sailing ships, business had been bad, but now the loft was merely a place in which to dream and fiddle about. "Won't be here next week," he finally said one day, his eyes moving over the walls covered with pictures of ships for which he had made sails, of sketches and sail plans of vessels he had sent into wind. Long after he was gone, the smell of clean sail lingered on that street, the flash of long, quick fingers would oddly jump through the mind, and even now these things seem so real as one tries to re-create a young and firmway perspective of a body of water that holds so many.

There were no tide flats with clams, no reefs or oysters. Instead, a mighty, prehistoric Susquehanna River roared to the Atlantic through a bleak valley. Glaciers stood near to the north. With much of the continent covered by mile-high slabs of ice, the level of the Atlantic was 100 feet lower than now and the sea was 100 miles farther out from the present shoreline. As the glaciers melted and retreated 11,000 years ago, the ocean level rose, and salt water began to flood the continental shelf and surge into the valley. The tide now covers every corner of the bay and reaches well up into many tributaries, and still the level of the ocean continues to rise. In the last 50 years it has risen 8.5 inches in Chesapeake Bay, and the evidence is visible. Toppled trees, their roots undercut, fall into the bay as the tide eats into the shore with each rise and fall. The site of the original fort built at Jamestown in 1607, the first permanent English settlement in North America, slumped into the tidal James River in the 1890s, and the remains of the rest of the colony, visited now by tourists and schoolchildren, would be eroded were it not for a rock seawall erected by the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities.

Erosion from tidal action, storms and

river runoff make the Chesapeake murky. Maryland waters toward the head are darkest, but visibility is limited even in Virginia waters, where a diver enters a gloomy and foreboding realm. Swimmers accustomed to clearer depths are sometimes put off by the muddiness of the bay. Jellyfish are also a problem. Around the Chesapeake, people tend to speak softly of the jellyfish, as they might of some ne'er-do-well relative they wish would go away. But the jellyfish stay, and in the summer months they are so abundant that a cove might look as though it were covered with thick mucilage. The most bothersome of the sea nettles, *Chrysaora quinquecirrha* is a bell-shaped pulsing body of milky white that has hundreds of stinging cells on trailing tentacles up to four feet long.

The Chesapeake is probably the most studied estuary in the world. A couple of years ago the Chesapeake Biological Laboratory-Natural Resources Institute of the University of Maryland, the Chesapeake Bay Institute of Johns Hopkins University, the Virginia Institute of Marine Science and the Smithsonian Institution all joined in a research consortium, and a special supplement of *Chesapeake Science*, a quarterly journal, was devoted to the state of knowledge and

continued

Fifteen thousand years ago, Chesapeake Bay did not exist. There were no great stands of marsh lush with *Spartina* grass.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SELWEN GREEN ARBITAGE



condition of the plants and animals in the bay. Specialists wrote on such subjects as the local fungi, the reptiles (including the rainbow snake which, it was noted, "feeds almost exclusively on the common eel") and waterfowl. The Chesapeake is the largest wintering ground in North America for Canada geese—there are three-quarters of a million of them—and often attracts the largest concentration of whistling swans, black duck and canvasback. For most waterfowl an important food is the bay's widgeon grass, *Ruppia maritima*.

Nothing strokes the nervous system as much as looking at birds, especially if you do not know anything about them. They have a hypnotic effect, and usually after an hour or so there is a great feeling of inward calm, and so much of the world seems silly. Even the

mangy starlings in the backyard of a row house, forever flitting about the garbage cans, could fascinate. And for a long time they were the only birds, until an introduction came to the birds of the bay. The bay is an ornithological paradise.

No sight, for instance, is more spectacular than the long streamers of ducks and geese and whistling swans that weave brilliant mosaics in the autumn skies as they shoot down the Atlantic funnel. These are the stars of the Chesapeake, survivors of the carnage wrought by the old market gunners; doughty resistors of wrong-headed progress, they are the residue of a time when colonial horizons were made dark by their presence, when the air quivered from their symphonic gabble. They have endured—the prince of

them, the canvasback, just barely. And hardly to be found is the king, the bald eagle, once incontestable on this water.

The eagle was a common sight on the bay if you were with someone who knew where they could be found, who knew their ways. Beholding an eagle for the first time left you stunned by sheer power. It was enough to see one nodding indifferently in a pine, the stillness of the afternoon roaring over you, but to see one in action, to see an eagle, first only a speck in the sky, shoot toward a raft of ducks like an arrow, wings flattened, white head and tail flashing, to see it once and maybe never again, was to know the feel of power forever. They are mostly gone now. Their absence leaves a painful rent; the bay is diminished.

A favorite, though, is the great

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blue heron, who disdains us all with a narcissism that appears immune to the crash of technology, the push of greed; he evokes an ancient poet or prophet who insists on staying about to keep the journal, to view the final evolutionary turn toward God only knows where. The job seems to bore him, but he will remain, always retaining a dignity that spreads out from him like a soft light. Herons ornament the whole of the bay. They are deliberate in their motions, above time, as they go about striking attitudes on curving beaches or water-lily beds fit for a painter's brush, a sculptor's hands. In a sense, they are a symbol of the bay. No other bird better projects the mood of the region, and to see them in the dead calm of summer evening, still against green reeds or posed on white driftwood, is like listening to a Chopin nocturne; they are more than picturesque, they are brooding poetry.

And there are the times when they move like ghosts in the moonlight, coming down only to march delicately along the beaches or marshes, listening always for the sound that does not fit; and if they hear it, their weird bodies become marble, and like a piece of a dream they are one with the night skies, for they are stoic and patient and know how to wait for their food. This, too, about the herons: observe them for a while and the mind begins to ponder all that has gone and all that will go, begins to synchronize with their contemplation, which seems to say, "I am watching you—are you watching yourself in me?" For they are the mystics of the bay.

According to Andrew J. McElean and Catherine Kerby, the biologists who wrote the introduction to the *Chesapeake Science* supplement, the bay contains at least 2,650 species of plants and animals. In an effort to show the complexity of ecological relationships, they tried to calculate the "interactive potential" among the 2,650 species. If, as it does, cell grass affects the setting of hard clams, and the

number of striped bass depends on the number of croakers, how many interactions are there if the 2,650 species impinge in, say, 45 ways? Forty-five is a conservative number; still, the answer is staggering: 6.38×10^{91} , arithmetic shorthand for 638 followed by 95 zeroes.

This astounding figure is not meant to indicate that the workings of the Chesapeake are inscrutable to scientists or even to everyday fishermen. Exactly how the bay "works" and why it produces such an abundance of life are understood in broad outline and sometimes in very telling detail.

Basically, the Chesapeake is a super-productive protein factory. It is so designed on a giant scale as a result of the reaction that occurs when fresh water emptying into the bay encounters salt water moving up from the Atlantic. When the fresh and salt water meet, they mix and become brackish, and turbulence occurs much like the churning inside a washing machine. Some biologists have started calling this area the "critical zone."

Depending on the time of year, the brackish critical zone, which in the Chesapeake may extend in length as much as 60 miles, moves up and down the bay. In the spring, when the Susquehanna River flow is at a peak, the lower limit of the critical zone is pushed down near the Maryland-Virginia line. As the river flow diminishes in summer, the critical zone slowly advances up the bay and by late fall the lower edge is just north of Annapolis. A similar interaction between fresh water and salt water involves other rivers feeding into the bay, creating critical zones throughout the river systems as well as in the bay itself.

For almost all fish, the important time is the spring. As vast schools of striped bass, blueback herring, alewives, shad and other species seek out river spawning grounds, the fresh water flowing into the bay carries enormous amounts of raw materials in the form of silt, decaying vegetation and other detritus. "It's all flushed into the bay," says William Dovel, who spent a dozen years studying fish eggs and larvae at the Chesapeake Biological Laboratory, "and this material remains there because it gets caught up in the natural washing machine. At the same time, the sun's energy combines with the nutrients that have been trapped

to produce algae. The algae isn't going anywhere either, but staying right in the critical zone. For small crustaceans such as copepods, algae and organic detritus are the greatest food source. Meanwhile, the larvae from fish eggs spawned up above are carried down, and the larvae become juvenile fish. For many small fish, copepods are the greatest food source, and everything is right there together, getting churned around in the upper bay. In the spring the critical zone is supersaturated with raw materials and organisms. In the fall, when sunlight diminishes and the water temperature drops, there is a depletion of energy, but from then until spring, the river system will begin to accumulate raw materials and nutrients and stockpile them for the next year. It is a tremendous synchronization of biology and time."

Marshes embrace the intricate life beat of the bay, and the activity within them is as complex as that going on out in the open water. Years ago a chance came to spend 24 hours camping close to a marsh. An elderly man, an amateur naturalist, was the bestower of what he called a "gift of place," meaning to be somewhere at a certain moment when something sublime could be perceived. From the first break of light, he was beside himself. Each sound, each new discovery, say of threading rails, was recorded on his face as well as in his notebook. "This is the greatest art gallery in the world," he said.

The comment was lost on his companion. It had been just a long day and night by a swamp. The guide understood, saying, "Maybe you absorbed things here that you won't become aware of for a time. Things have a way of working like that, you know." He was, of course, right. It was not until one came across the lines of Gilbert Klingel years later that the marsh, that day, began to unravel into strands of sense.

"The division of the day," wrote Klingel, "into the hours of the events of the swamp is a much more meaningful method of keeping time than our mathematical

continued

chronology. The Chinese have long used this poetical technique in the designation of the years and the seasons." The year of the Dragon or of the Tiger, he said, is a far more entrancing time to have existed in than, say, 1943. Quite unscientific, he agreed, "but to attempt to describe the passing of a day in a Chesapeake marsh by cataloguing the arithmetical hours is an uninspiring business." He thought it much better to speak of the Dark Hour of the First Voice, the Time of the Wakening of the Birds, the Interval of the Rising Tide, or the Hour of the Littorina. The creatures of the swamp, he said, do not live by arithmetic. "They are moved by events, are actuated by sun and tide, by light and darkness, by heat and cold, by hunger and fullness, and by the movements of the life about them."

Klingel's portrait of a marsh is not an assemblage of water and soil and vegetation, which may be coldly defined and catalogued. "It is the drone and whine of mosquitoes in the gloom. It is the red, black and yellow bodies of paint-

ed turtles sunning themselves on half-submerged logs; the V-shaped ripples that denote the heads of serpents gliding across a channel to seek frogs on the other side. It is the clustering of a glistening mass of dewdrops on a strand of marsh grass, and the patterned cracks of mud drying in the sun."

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William Dovel spent several years collecting in the Maryland waters of the bay and in the Patuxent River, the Potomac, the Magothy River and the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal, and he netted the grand total of 5,148,596 fish eggs and larvae, noting water temperatures and salinity values for each collection. All the eggs and larvae were identified by genus if not species, and all the data were fed into a computer. Tabulations revealed that just about all the eggs and larvae were found in the critical zone. To be exact, 50% of the eggs and larvae came from water with only three parts per 1,000 of salt, and 95% from water with just 11 parts per 1,000 of salt or less—about a third the salinity of seawater.

In addition to all the fish coming down from freshwater, the young of many invertebrates and marine fish move up into the bay. Small blue crabs born near the mouth move up to feed, as do juvenile bluefish, weakfish, spot, menhaden and other species. Oceanic in origin, they could not exist if they could not enter the estuary at this stage in their life cycles. Predators follow—adult bluefish, channel bass, cobia and sharks—because the bay is nature's greatest buffet.

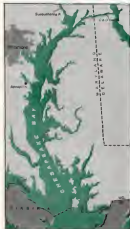
Dovel, who is now studying sturgeon in the Hudson, got his start under the late Dr. Romeo J. Mansueti, one of the most inquisitive biologists who ever worked on estuaries. The son of a Baltimore steelworker, Dr. Mansueti founded *Chesapeake Science*, and he was into every aspect of the bay with zest. Like the Chesapeake itself, his productivity was enormous. He wrote leaflets for the general public, he co-authored a review of the shad fisheries of North America that remains the standard in its field, and he did two extensive and detailed studies of the white perch. Investigating this fish in the Patuxent River, Mansueti

found that the species had marked seasonal movements and used different zones in the river for spawning, nursery feeding and wintering. He found no perch in the nontidal upper river, and he discovered that only rarely did the fish leave the Patuxent for the bay. The white perch population in the river was essentially self-contained, and a number of separate populations existed in the bay area. On a practical level, for anglers, he noted that white perch did not live beyond the age of 10, at which time the fish that remained were females measuring 11 inches long and weighing 16½ ounces. The mean life expectancy was only a year and a half. He recommended that the eight-inch size limit be lifted because many of the fish would die anyway, and besides, white perch spawned at so small a size that this would discourage fishermen from taking them.

Above all, Mansueti was imaginative, adept at seeing the general in the particular. One paper that stirred considerable thought and bore the long title, "Effects of Civilization on Striped Bass and Other Estuarine Biota in Chesapeake Bay and Tributaries," noted that the growth of human population had produced "increasing loads of silt, wastes, and fertilizers in the estuary, creating many adverse effects in the upper estuarine spawning areas of fish." Although various species that lay their eggs on or near the bottom, such as shad and herrings, had declined in numbers as a result, striped bass had undergone an unusual increase. Some observers have taken that to mean that the more gunk in an estuary, the more striped bass, but Mansueti warned that uncontrolled pollutants could be dangerous.

Despite the size and productivity of the Chesapeake, changes for the worse have not been that difficult to note. They have occurred, clearly, on some tributaries, particularly on the western side of the bay. (The eastern shore, celebrated for a traditional and gracious way of life, is generally in excellent condition.) For example, the James River has not produced good hatches of striped bass and white perch since the late 1960s. The reasons are unknown, although the upper James has been subjected to radical stream channelizing programs that were supposed to reduce flooding but have in fact increased flooding and siltation. More-

continued



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over, a nuclear power plant downriver at Hog Island sits squarely in the critical zone, in a position to suck up and destroy fish eggs, larvae and juveniles.

In the Potomac, pollution from Washington has forced striped bass to spawn further downstream, placing the free-floating eggs dangerously near bay water with too high a salt content for successful hatching.

The mouth of the Susquehanna, long thought to be the major spawning ground for striped bass in the bay, is no longer used by stripers. Whether driven off by upriver dams, or pollution from cities and industries, they have apparently switched to spawning in the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal, the only man-made spawning ground on record. "The C&D looks like a muddy ditch," says Dove, "but drag a plankton net through it and the net's thick with striped and herring eggs and larvae. In fact, the greatest concentration of striped bass eggs found anywhere so far is in the C&D Canal, 36 to a cubic meter of water." Now, however, the Corps of Engineers is considering deepening and widening the canal. This may increase the water flow away from the critical zone in the bay, sweeping eggs and larvae into the acid waters of the Delaware.

On the bay itself, there is concern about the potential impact of a nuclear power plant at Calvert Cliffs, Md., and the construction firm of Brown & Root proposes to build a 1,800-acre heavy-industry complex at Cape Charles, Va.

Natural catastrophes, of course, are uncontrollable. In June of 1972, just as biologists and students at the Chesapeake Biological Laboratory and the Virginia Institute of Marine Science were about to embark on their annual summer cruises, Hurricane Agnes struck. Described as a "one-in-every-200 storm," Agnes poured an average of six inches of rain over the entire 74,000-square-mile Chesapeake watershed and up to 18 inches in some localities. Severe floods devastated central New York, Pennsylvania and Virginia, and fresh water surged into the bay as never before. The biologists immediately went out to see just what was happening.

During the peak of the runoff, 6.5 million fish larvae, mainly anchovies and gobies, were washed out of the Rappahannock every hour. The Susquehanna

discharged 31 million tons of sediment in just 10 days, possibly 60 times the amount discharged in a normal year. The influx of fresh water drove salt water farther and farther down until the bay from the Susquehanna to Annapolis contained only river water.

Initially, there was talk of calamity. Agnes had wiped out 90% of the soft-shell clams and caused massive mortality among oysters. But not long ago Michael Castagna, a marine biologist at VIMS, said, "Agnes was good for the bay. For years people had been saying what we needed was a really good hurricane to wash out the bay. We were concerned about the effects of creeping pollution and a buildup of salinity levels over the years. The bay needed a flushing, and Agnes did just that. Looking back, it seems that Agnes was the best thing that could have happened to the Chesapeake."

To some people, the science of the bay is a flat subject, and it does not stir them. Painful and costly research seems to take decades to seep into the popular consciousness. Unlike the wolf, the mountain lion or other glamour topics in "environment," the bay and its future attract little emotion. Who would be so un-chic as to talk of erosion at cocktail time in lush Talbot County? Who would try to explain some hard scientific truth to a waterman on a dock at Crisfield?

Two ways of life characterize the eastern shore, that body of land that slithers alongside the bay. To the north are the elegantly sedentary, the "fawners," the trespassers who live in big, old homes encapsulated in a genteel, social life; ambassadors from Washington often buy or rent homes on the upper shore. It is quiet country, open to swifter and reclusive. For most, life is idyllic, far from the existence implied by the hard, creviced faces of the watermen.

There are some watermen to the north, but most are concentrated in the south, or on small islands like Tangier and Smith, where tombstones stick out in front yards; when the heavy rains come, coffins shoot up out of the earth

like strange flowers because of the high water tables. The waterman pays no mind to those he calls "fawners," can barely abide the law or any kind of work on land, and he is positive that the "Devil 'imself" has cast his shroud over the western shore. For more than a century the Virginia and Maryland sides have feuded, first in blood and now by perpetual accusation over who is doing what to oyster and crab harvests. Watermen are solitary people who socialize with their own, are given to flash violence if crowded, are perplexed by those who submit so easily to a society of digits and laws that do more damage than good.

One of the last of the independent spirits in the nation, the waterman sees nothing romantic in his life; only a fool, he will tell you, likes to work hard, likes to freeze in winter, fingers aching from the cold, or likes to burn in the summer, the salt from balts working on cut and nicked hands. But for all the discomforts, it is his own choice, and that is what a man should insist upon in his life. Varley Lang, one of their own who had gone "bid" and become an educator, only to return to the water for a living, says of them, "They have an invincible prejudice for doing what they want to do. They are leery of the word cooperation."

Science is not much of a word to a waterman, either. Science impedes, it clouds a way of life that is remarkable for its simplicity, it means more snooping people, more laws to be ignored or interpreted in such a way as to help stave an extinction that will surely come, not by his own hand, but by the progress of a world he so distrusts. Until then, he must live desperately with the present—with the next storm, the next catch, the next unspeakable act of a neighbor. For the waterman knows only this of the future: one day man and all his empty works will be gone, but Chesapeake Bay will remain, for it is from the ocean, and the ocean goes on forever. Sing him a death tune, and he will dance a jig. **END**



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week July 1-13

BOATING—Defending sloop LA FORZA DEL CIES-TON, a 12-footer owned and skippered by Norman Ribera of New York, captured Class A and overall honors in the 10th annual Maritima-Mexico-Hawaii, Nova Scotia race. Her corrected time was 71:09:02 for the 350 miles.

SWIMMING—Second-year pro MARSHALL HIGMAN of Medford, Ore., claimed \$5,000 and his first PGA title in the \$75,000 Fresno (Calif.) Open, defeating Carmen Salvendy 279-213 in the final.

BOXING—JOSE NAPOLES of Mexico retained his WBC welterweight crown with a 15-round decision over Los Angeles' Armando Munoz in Mexico City.

GOLF—First-time entrant TOM WATSON, 23, won the British Open, beating Jack Nicklaus of Australia by one stroke with a 7-1 in an 18-hole playoff at Carnoustie, Scotland (Open 271).

ROGER MATHIE broke a course record 64 at the final round of the \$75,000 Grand Oaks Open at Melrose, Ill. for a 273 over a new-state victory over Dave Littleberger (Open 66).

HARNESS RACING—WHITTA BARON (\$3,801, driven by Lew Williams Jr.), won the final division of the \$40,000 Haskell Memorial by a length over Albert's Star, capturing the mile in 1:58 1/4 in Saratoga Harbor. In an elimination heat, Whitta Baron recorded the season's fastest mile by a 3-year-old pacer, 1:37 1/4.

NICKLAUS PUSLEY (\$10, George Phelan at the helm, defeated Kypnosense 2-0 in the \$15,000, \$75,000 Cady Gray Pace at Yonkers, N.Y. The race was 1:05 1/4 over a furlong.

HORSE RACING—Longshot VALID AFFAIR (\$10,800, ridden by apprentice jockey James Long, equaled the state track record \$60,000 Drifter Handicap, covering the 1 1/4 miles in 1:40 1/4 over a wet track at Belmont. Second, three lengths off the pace, was Wagma.

WALK IN THE SUN (\$20,400, Fred Gilmann up, won a 1 1/2-length win over PET LABEL in the \$104,775 Laine Stakes for 2-year-old fillies at Hollywood Park. The \$5,000 supplemental entry was named in 1:59 1/4 for the six furlongs.

LACROSSE—NHL: At the midway point of the season league's second season, Montreal was in first by two points over the Long Island Soundhogs. Quebec had a 2-2 tie with the Toronto Aeros, and Philadelphia, then rebounding against Boston and Maryland, Long Island who split a pair of games with Maryland. The Philadelphia Wings outscored the Quebec Braves 13-9.

BOXING—ROSA BRITGLER of El Mirage, Calif., won national overall champion of the 1981 National Standard Class Championship held in Minden, Nev. Brighler, who piloted a Nugget, totaled 1,543 points during the two-day tournament. Second was Tom Belsa of Lehigh, Pa. with 743.

BOCCER—NASL: The Portland Timbers clinched their regular season in the Western Division, routing to their tenth and seventh victories in a row to take over first place from Seattle, which had a 1-1 week. Boston put a halt to the Timbers' streak, edging them 3-1 and maintaining the lead in the Northwest, one point ahead of New York Cosmos (over 49). Central knocked St. Louis out of first over by third-place Denver 5-2, as the Dynamos' Mike Flann, a candidate for Rookie of the Year, scored his ninth and 10th goals. Chicago brought its season record to 5-5 with a win over Miami and Dallas. Tampa Bay opened a formidable 11-point lead over Miami in the Eastern by routing Baltimore 4-0. The Rovers lost a 12-1 rock, the best in the league. Miami dropped out of first to Philadelphia 2-1 and Chicago 2-0.

ASL, with a 2-1 win over the second-place Brooklyn, New York, opened a dominating eight-game lead in the Eastern Division. Edgar Emerson and Kyrilovskiy scored the Apollos' goals. Ronde Ingle, leader in the Northwest, beat Chicago 2-0, ending a scoring slump in which the Demeters had notched only two goals in five games. Connecticut, one point behind Rhode Island, beat Cincinnati 2-0 as Leslie Walter Piquet came up with his third shutout of the season.

TRAMP & FIELD—The U.S. men's and women's teams defeated Poland and Czechoslovakia in a three-set meet at Prague. Outstanding performances were turned in by KATHY MULLIN of Fairfield, N.C., who shot-wrestled 21 1/2, winning the Women's American record over Soviet rival Poland's WLADYSLAW KOZAKIEWICZ, who cleared 18 1/2. In the pole vault, the U.S. won with BOB WALLIS of the U.S. Army and KATHY SAHNDIG of Long Beach, who threw the javelin 238 1/4 and 307 feet respectively, and GENE WYNA, BARZETYN of Poland, who won the 100-meter hurdles in 1:28.

At an international meet at Paris, the 130-meter-hurdle rivalry between France's CLYDE DOR and Charles Foster continued with Foster winning in 1:48, 17 ahead of the U.S. hurdler TIM BOLD. Bold took the 400-meter hurdles in 48 1/5 and Larriette's DON QUARRIE defeated Steve Williams by eight and a half straight defeats, winning the 800-meter dash in 10:30 and the 200 in 25:12. In St. Maur, a Paris suburb, FRANCIS LARRIETTE broke

her own U.S. 1,500 record by 1.3 seconds, racing in a 4:08 1/2.

FRED SAMARA of the NYAC won the national AAU decathlon title, bringing 8,060 points at Santa Barbara, Calif. Craig Hughes won second with 7,971 points.

VOLLEYBALL—IWA: Mary Jo Penner made a successful debut as player-coach of El Paso-Juanita, the Soli defeating Los Angeles 12-9, 12-9, 8-12, 12-8. The Soli's original coach, Barbara Deke, stepped down after one game to concentrate on playing. Sam Lago stepped in first with a five-game win over the Soli in two nights. The Bakersfield team, led by Sam Lago's 31 kills. Second-place Santa Barbara beat Southern California 16-12, 1-12, 12-8, 13-11 12-6, three losses to the Bakers 16-54 in an experimental eight-minute-quarter game.

BASEBALLS—ANNOUNCED: The National City League topped the top two male tennis singles players from eight countries as selected by computer (plus a third tennis member, probably a doubles specialist, chosen by the two). The tournament will be held in Kingston, Jamaica from Sept. 29 to Oct. 3, with the Association of Tennis Professionals sponsoring the \$100,000, Davis Cup-style event.

SHINED Forward GEORGE MCGINNIS to a reported six-year, \$3.2 million contract, no-trade, no-assign contract, by the Philadelphia 76ers. The New York Knicks had attempted to sign the 6'7" Indianapolis Pacific star but were paid in violation of NBA draft laws by Commissioner Larry O'Brien.

SIGNED: North Carolina State's DAVID THOMPSON, in a five-year, \$2.5 million contract by the Atlanta Braves, marking the first time an NBA team (Atlanta) has been forced to sign the league's first draft pick.

SOLD: The NHL's hapless PITTSBURGH PENGUINS, for \$1.8 million to a group headed by Ed Snider, a Columbus, Ohio businessman. The club will remain in Pittsburgh.

DIET: CARL SNAVELY, 38, college football coach who attained a record of 180-10-16 in a 12-year career, at St. Louis. The "Gray Fox" coached at Bucknell (1927-31), North Carolina (1934-35, 1945-51), Cornell (1934-44) and Washington University (1950-54) and was a member of the National Football Foundation Hall of Fame.

DIET: ELMER OLIPHANT, 32, two-time All-American halfback and a member of the National Football Foundation Hall of Fame, in New Canaan, Conn. Before transferring to West Point, where he was the first athlete to win letters in four sports and 11 in all—Oliphant had earned seven letters at Purdue.

CREDITS

By Barry DeConno 14, 15—Walter Ivers Jr., John G. Johnson, 18, 19—Tony Teal, 20—Tony Teal, 21—Holt Schilling, 48—John Stewart, 49—Gusky 50, 52—George by William Serrano, 67—Miguel de la Cruz, 68—Randy Savage, 69—Terry, 70—Ricky, 71—Burt, 72—Burt, 73—Burt, 74—Burt, 75—Burt, 76—Burt, 77—Burt, 78—Burt, 79—Burt, 80—Burt, 81—Burt, 82—Burt, 83—Burt, 84—Burt, 85—Burt, 86—Burt, 87—Burt, 88—Burt, 89—Burt, 90—Burt, 91—Burt, 92—Burt, 93—Burt, 94—Burt, 95—Burt, 96—Burt, 97—Burt, 98—Burt, 99—Burt, 100—Burt, 101—Burt, 102—Burt, 103—Burt, 104—Burt, 105—Burt, 106—Burt, 107—Burt, 108—Burt, 109—Burt, 110—Burt, 111—Burt, 112—Burt, 113—Burt, 114—Burt, 115—Burt, 116—Burt, 117—Burt, 118—Burt, 119—Burt, 120—Burt, 121—Burt, 122—Burt, 123—Burt, 124—Burt, 125—Burt, 126—Burt, 127—Burt, 128—Burt, 129—Burt, 130—Burt, 131—Burt, 132—Burt, 133—Burt, 134—Burt, 135—Burt, 136—Burt, 137—Burt, 138—Burt, 139—Burt, 140—Burt, 141—Burt, 142—Burt, 143—Burt, 144—Burt, 145—Burt, 146—Burt, 147—Burt, 148—Burt, 149—Burt, 150—Burt, 151—Burt, 152—Burt, 153—Burt, 154—Burt, 155—Burt, 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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

RUFFIAN

Sir:

The owner, trainers and veterinarians who handled the injured Ruffian must have been barbarians. We don't kill humans when they break a leg; why kill such a beautiful animal? The excuse was that she was suffering horribly, but so do humans when they break a leg and must be operated upon. Hadn't they ever heard of pain-killing drugs?

L. TEO FRINGARD

Stockton, Calif.

* For an account of the problems encountered by those who sought to save Ruffian, see page 22.—ED.

Sir:

Here is an epitaph for Ruffian, in the manner of the ancient Greeks:

Unvanquished beauty,
How swift your race!

GRATUOR M. WHITE

Franklin, Mich.

UP IN FENWAY

Sir:

Fred Lynn (*It Was Like Old Times*, July 7) has charmed Boston, not only with his bat but with heads-up base running (something that the Red Sox have never really had) and with his defense. Lynn plays with the coolness of a veteran. He has a .339 batting average and leads the league in RBIs. If he is not the Rookie of the Year and does not start in the All-Star Game, that will clearly show the injustice that's in baseball today.

BETSY BILLARD

Westwood, Mass.

Sir:

Because Fred Lynn leads the league in RBIs, slugging percentage, total bases, is fourth in HRs, third in hitting and is the best defensive centerfielder in the majors, Rookie of the Year may not be the only award he'll get. With his stats, MVP and the Triple Crown are possibilities. Look out, T. Williams, J. DiMaggio, M. Mantle, H. Aaron and B. Ruth, here comes F. Lynn.

MARK WHITE

Pittsfield, Mass.

Sir:

Ron Fimrite's article on the Yankees-Red Sox series was good. But he forgot to add that the Red Sox will go all the way in the AL East. What else can you say of a team that has the two best rookies in the league (Lynn and Jim Rice), the best catcher (when

Carlton Fisk is healthy), a reserve outfielder (Bernie Carbo) who is second in the league in slugging percentage, an old man who is beginning to look like his old hitting self (Carl Yastrzemski) and two pitchers, one flaky (Bill Lee) and one who talks in broken English (Luis Tiant)? With a little luck and no swoon it will be like old times, the old times of '67 and the impossible dream.

SAM MOFFIE

Boardman, Ohio

Sir:

We Red Sox fans appreciate your article on the Boston vs. Yankees, but aren't you pleased that you put Lynn's picture on the cover. After the article, Fred went 0 for 12, made two errors that cost us a game and then missed a game with an injured hand. Please, no more Boston cover shots, but how about a team picture of the Yankees?

FRED SEPANEK

Albany, N.Y.

Sir:

Compare Munson to Fisk? Hogwash! We Yankee fans like to compare Munson to Johnny Bench!

LEONARD LASER

Hillside, N.J.

THE WEAVER'S TRADE

Sir:

A commendable story on Baltimore's manager, Earl Weaver (*The Earl of Ruq*, July 7). He is without a doubt baseball's greatest active manager because of his ability to adapt his lineup to fit each situation. Here are the totals for Weaver's 655-year management of the Birds (including 1975 games through July 2):

1,117 Games, 670 W, 447 L, .5998209 Pct.

On the basis of these statistics it can be argued that Weaver is a better manager than Joe McCarthy, who, in managing the powerhouse Yankees of 1931-1946, just had to pencil into his lineup such Bronx Bombers as Ruth, Gehrig and DeMaggio to achieve his winning percentage of .614. Since Weaver's big names have been Robinson, Robinson and Powell (who hardly compare to the Yankee big three) it is obvious that Weaver's superior tactical ability is what has made him so successful.

ANDREW WATERS

Arlington, Va.

Sir:

Myron Cope's article gave us Oriole fans and the rest of the world an inside look

at the heart of a winning baseball team.

ROBBY LAD

Rockville, Md.

Sir:

A manager's won-lost percentage is a misleading statistic. Is Dick Williams any worse a manager with the last-place Angels than he was with the champion A's? Is Alvin Dark a better manager with the A's than in his losing years with the Indians? If you have the good ballplayers, you will likely win, and if you don't, you'll lose. If my grandmother had managed the Yankees of the '30s and '40s or the Orioles of the '60s and '70s, her winning percentage would be at the top instead of McCarthy's or Weaver's.

JEFF FISHERMAN

Mount Vernon, N.Y.

Sir:

I would like to say one thing about being a manager: I don't care if you're Earl Weaver, Joe McCarthy or whoever, you can't win without the "horses." Managers get too much credit. For example, can any manager pitch out of a bases-loaded jam? Can any manager make the game-winning catch in the ninth inning? Can any manager (with the exception of Frank Robinson) get the game-winning hit? No. Who has more pressure, the player—or the manager?

DAN PETRELLA

Solway, N.Y.

Sir:

Earl's throne may be in jeopardy. Sparky Anderson's Reds are playing at a .646 clip. This places Sparky (.593 lifetime) fourth "among all big-league managers since 1900 who have managed for at least five full years." While it seems as though Sparky's good fortunes are likely to continue, considering his outstanding ball club, Weaver appears to be heading for trouble with his floundering Orioles.

KENNY MARTIN

Roslyn Estates, N.Y.

STEADY EDDIE

Sir:

It is about time Ed Kranepool got the recognition he deserves (*Unice Work If You Can Get It*, July 7). For years he has lived with the reputation of being a "stiff." With another 20 at bats, Kranepool would be leading the National League in hitting. He isn't getting older; he's getting better.

RICHARD RANIT

Plainview, N.Y.

Sir:

The story on Ed Kranepool was a waste of space. Kranepool has never done anything to deserve an article of this size. His batting average, which at this point is well over .300, will be under .300 come September. As for his being a vintage Met, he's like the television show *Gawwoko*. You forget about it but it comes back every year.

CARL WYSOPAL

Wallingford, Conn.

TOP TOMAHAWK

Sir:

Your article on Paul Suggate and John Davis (*Two Ways to Suck It to 'Em*, July 7) certainly gave pro lacrosse deserved publicity, but you didn't even mention the man who at this writing is the top scorer in the league—Doug Hayes of the Long Island Tomahawks. Right now Hayes is the best player in the NLL. He not only can outface the opposition, but at 6'3" and 220 he can run over anyone who tries to stop him. He is also immensely popular with the fans. The Tomahawks, led by Hayes and Dave Wilfong (who recently had eight goals in a game), have won 14 of their last 17 games and now lead the league.

RICHARD J. WERTHER

Glen Head, N.Y.

NERO'S RUNNING MATES

Sir:

As a harness-racing fan I enjoyed your article on Nero and the Cane Pace (*Twice Around, in Style*, July 7), but I wish \$4 would cover races other than the large stakes. I was disappointed when you failed to report on Whata Baron equalling the track record of 1:58½ at Northfield Park, but when Osborne's Bret came home in 1:58½ and did not even get mentioned in *For the Record*, I almost cried. These two horses ran better times than Nero has so far this season. A lot of racing is still to come. Meanwhile, let's give all 3-year-olds equal time.

GEORGE KUKUBUN

East McKeesport, Pa.

SHAPING UP

Sir:

After reading your article on the Bobby Chacon-Ruben Olivares featherweight fight (*Chacon Was from Huger*, June 30), I would like to congratulate Pat Pissam for telling it like it is. Chacon was in sad shape for the fight and Olivares can't be called the champ until a rematch is fought. True, Olivares has the title, but an in-shape Chacon would destroy him. I saw Chacon fight, and pound for pound he is greater than Muhammad Ali or Joe Frazier, and if he's in shape the next time he fights Ruben Olivares, they'll have

continued

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DIONNE WARWICKE

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86 PROOF



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19TH HOLE *roundout*

to carry the Mexican playboy out in a pine box

MICHAEL DESMET

Detroit

TWO FROM KOKOMO?

Sir:

In *FACES IN THE CROWD* in the July 7 issue you mention a left-handed high school pitcher from Kokomo, Ind., Pat Underwood. Tom Underwood, the Phillies' left-hander, was born in Kokomo, Ind. Are Pat and Tom related?

JOHN BENNETT

Cleveland Heights, Ohio

• Yes, brothers.—ED.

TRADING BLOCK

Sir:

The writer who condemned the Mets' trades (*19TH HOLE*, July 7) was a little too quick on the trigger. Although the trade of Nolan Ryan was not the best ever, some of the others were excellent, such as the deal that brought Felix Millan and George Stone to New York for Gary Gentry and Danny Frisella. And although the Mets traded three young men to Montreal three years ago, they obtained an established all-star in Rusty Staub. The McGraw trade seems to be beneficial to both teams. The Mets obtained the centerfielder—Del Unser—they needed for years and a good back-up catcher. So if you condemn the bad trades, praise the good ones.

MICHAEL FIORENTINO

New York City

Sir:

Critics are quick to forget the circumstances around the time of the Nolan Ryan trade. Ryan had shown great potential but little of it had been realized. On the other hand, the Mets had a desperate need for a solid third baseman. With Seaver, Koosman, Gentry and McGraw, and with MacLack coming up, the Mets were certainly able to afford to give up one unproven pitcher in exchange for one proven third baseman. The fact that hindsight has shown that the trade didn't work out has no bearing on the decision to make it. If similar circumstances ever arose again, I would hope that the Mets would make a similar move. I recall little criticism and wide approval at the time of the deal. Why do the critics come forth now? The Mets have certainly erred in some of their dealings but the Ryan-Fregot trade should not be considered one of them.

JONATHAN L. YARMIS

Croton-on-Hudson, N.Y.

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3. Cruel bumps



2. Twisting states

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